Week ending March 3 1951 Every Thursday Threepence

John Bull

CAN EISENHOWER DEFEND EUROPE?

Liddell Hart answers the question everyone is asking

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it's so much *softer*

FINE WOOL FABRICS wash like a lamb if they're gently treated, but they don't like harsh washing products that scour away the natural finish along with the dirt, leaving the fabric harsh and scratchy. Wool, in fact, likes Lux!

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Now you can treat all your pretty things to gentle Lux care — not only your finest woollies but silks and cottons, too. You'll *see* the difference in the bright colours, *feel* the difference in that *extra* softness! A packet of Lux costs only 8½d. The big double-size edition is an economy at 1/4d. a packet.

Sleeping Beauty up-to-date! A nightie in softest wool fabric is as beguiling as it is cosy. Wool fabrics stay lullaby-soft with gentle Lux care.

Daily Dippers' Delight

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Protect your child before the first birthday

ISSUED BY THE MINISTRY OF HEALTH

EDITORIAL

This threat to our food must be conquered

THE OTHERWISE flourishing and expanding poultry industry of this country — an important factor in the struggle to feed ourselves—has lately suffered very serious damage. Fowl pest, otherwise known as Newcastle Disease, is the scourge which has done, and is still doing, the harm, and it has won a bridgehead in our island because it can be transmitted by the carcasses of dead birds.

Since last October, when a new type of fowl pest suddenly began to spread alarmingly, there have been around 500 outbreaks, and the only answer found has been the destruction of thousands of infected birds at a heavy cost in compensation money and loss to our food supplies.

Since it is known that imported poultry brings the virus which causes the disease, many people have urged the Minister of Agriculture, Mr. Tom Williams, to arrange with the Food Minister to stop all imports for at least six months.

But there are two complications. One is that with a terrible meat shortage imported poultry is needed more than ever to make good the deficiences in our diet. The other is that a known source of infection is the food supplies of the American forces stationed in East Anglia.

The American authorities have agreed to stop bringing in poultry from the United States; although they could not do it as quickly as Mr. Williams would have wished, because they had to arrange for alternative supplies from countries free from fowl pest.

BUT, having stopped up this one admitted loophole, the Government is now trying to make the hard decision to do without foreign birds for British tables.

It has, at the moment, delayed this decision, no doubt in the hope that the meat position will improve. It will clearly have the support of all sensible people in banning imports of poultry if this is proved to be the only way of preventing fresh outbreaks.

After all, what matters more than expensive poultry, in the long run, is an adequate supply of eggs. And fowl pest, even when birds recover from it, greatly reduces their usefulness as egg-layers.

So we must ensure that fresh infection is not continually introduced, and that the existing danger in our midst is stamped out.

In January there were 258 outbreaks; nearly 100,000 birds had to be slaughtered; and the Ministry of Agriculture paid £142,000 in compensation to poultry farmers, some of whom nevertheless had their businesses wiped out overnight.

The loss to housewives from this one month's ravages alone will be 10,000,000 fewer eggs in their shopping baskets.

But—if those 100,000 birds had been left alive, and even if they had all recovered, the fall in egg production would have been nearly as great, while many other flocks would certainly have been infected.

Is there no cure for fowl pest? Unfortunately the experts, if they are frank, have to answer "No."

Behind the scenes for the last six months the best veterinary scientists in the country have been striving to get control of the epidemic—with little better success than that of the doctors who try to find cures for influenza and the common cold.

It is possible to vaccinate individual birds. But as there are more than 50,000,000 in the country, this is a colossal task, far too big for the number of trained people available.

FOR owners to attempt to vaccinate their own flocks would be dangerous and perhaps useless, say the experts.

In America, where the disease got so far out of control that a similar slaughter policy could not be applied successfully, vaccination has never given one hundred per cent results.

It is not even certain which would be the best type of vaccine to use. So it is generally agreed that, however bitter the sacrifices, the best policy for us is to go on slaughtering and compensating, while stopping imports from countries known to be homes of the disease.

Slaughtering mastered a previous epidemic in 1947. It was then shown that the disease spread wherever our live poultry were fed on unboiled swill containing remains of dead birds from abroad. This is a stupid practice which must be stopped.

Meanwhile we have to cut our losses and realize that the cost of compensation and temporary shortage of birds are trifling compared with the national disaster which would come upon us if fowl pest became incurably established here.

Our practice in dealing with foot-and-mouth disease is ruthless and sometimes costly, but nobody really challenges its wisdom or doubts its success in limiting outbreaks of this scourge. Fowl pest must be conquered in very much the same way.

If it is not, every housewife will soon want to know the reason why.

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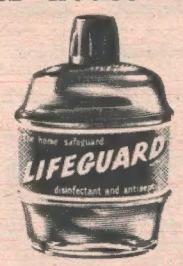

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FREE SPEECH

A woman on the state of our world

POLITICALLY I MAY NOT be very bright, but I am very worried about this defence against Communism business. I feel the living standards of people cannot be lowered much more without bringing us to that stage of discontent which gives rise to Communism.

I am well aware that our people are loyal and have great powers of endurance, but, after all, we are human beings—and we have seen the results of poor living conditions in those countries which have already adopted Communism. Their standards were so low that they had nothing to lose by revolution except freedom, which is an abstract thing when one is faced with starving children.

Certainly we must be able to defend ourselves, but rather than see the democracies expend their strength and fortunes on great piles of bigger and better bombs, I would prefer them to try to implement those parts of the United Nations blueprint that aim at raising the living standards of all peoples everywhere. Only thus can we prove that democracy is the better way of life.—MRS. R. D., Cornwall.

Welcome To A City

AS SOON AS WE GOT OFF the train at Basle during a visit to Switzerland, a friendly official approached us and handed us a free map of the city. He pointed out the position of the station in relation to the rest of the city and bade us God speed. First impressions are the most important, and a friendly welcome at our railway stations to Festival visitors will make them feel at home.—REV. L. G. H. FARLEY, Lewannick Vicarage, Launceston, Cornwall.

Putting You Off Your Food

ONE NOTES WITH RELIEF that the powers that be are to investigate cleanliness in cafés. As an ice cream manufacturer, I am governed by rigid rules, which I enforce strictly, to ensure that the ice cream is germ-free when it reaches the consumer. This is as it should be, but it is galling for me to sit in a café for a meal and see a house dog eating scraps, flies crawling over uncovered food, and to be handed chipped plates and cups.—E. J. D., Essex.

. . . In a confectioner's, the assistant was arranging fancy cakes in a glass show-case; every few seconds she would pause and lick the cream off her fingers and then resume handling the cakes. I walked out of the shop disgusted. Filthy habits like that cause disease.—MRS. E. HOLMES, 76 Gregory Avenue, Wooley Castle, Birmingham.

A Crane-man Looks Down

I AM AN OVERHEAD CRANE-DRIVER, and we overhead men see *all* that goes on below. We see the man who works and the man who shirks, the man whose working methods make a hard job easy and the man whose lack of them makes an easy job hard. And often we see the laziest man in the shop promoted to foreman. What goes on below in the shop affects us overhead men only indirectly, and promotion is not among our worries. But we can't help wondering why some men are promoted.—OVERLOOKER, Middlesbrough.

The Price At A Glance

TO ME, A MOTHER OF FOUR with limited means (like many others!), it seems a shame that all articles of food and clothing in shop windows are not compulsorily priced. It is embarrassing to ask the price of each item before purchase, as, nine times out of ten, one has to refuse when told the cost. The worst offenders are greengrocers, drapers and toyshops.—MRS. S., Sussex.

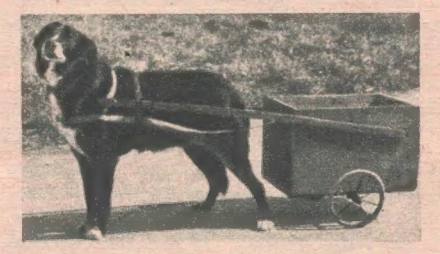
. . . After buying a pair of baby's white woollen leggings with the usual C.C.41 label, I found a similar article, identically marked but costing tenpence more, in a shop farther along the street. The next day in Brixton I saw similar leggings priced at sixpence cheaper than my purchase. Could not manufacturers stamp the price at which such articles are to be retailed on the C.C.41 label?—MRS. KATHLEEN STEWART, 53 Corsehill Road, London, S.W.16.

Origins Of A Football

I HAVE JUST BOUGHT a football for my son. My wife finds the casing was made in Pakistan and the bladder in Austria. The irony is that footballs are manufactured only a mile or two from this city.—A. SUNDERLAND, 3 Balne Avenue, Wakefield, Yorks.

Dog Who Likes Work

PHOTOGRAPHS OF THOSE primped-up poodles illustrating John May's article (JOHN BULL, February 10), prompt me to send this snapshot of a *workmanlike* dog, my eight-year-old collie. I have had her since she was two months old. She has been pulling the little cart during the past seven



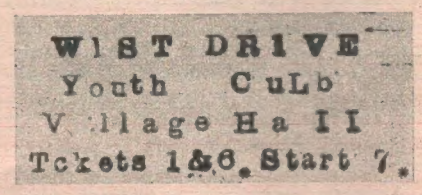
years and enjoys every minute of it, helping me when I weed the garden. —H. A. PILGRIM, Lyminge, Elmhurst Estate, Thatcham, Berks.

Farce At A Grammar School

VICE-CAPTAIN OF A reputable Grammar School, I know now that its reputation is supported only by a veneer of academic show and architectural affluence. There is no welcome at the school for an old boy who is not at a university, in a profession or an officer in one of the Services. We have a beautiful library, but nine-tenths of its shelves are empty. Inspections of the school have become a farce, since everyone knows of them days before the event. On one occasion even the boys knew three weeks in advance that inspectors would be visiting the school kitchens; when the inspectors duly arrived, the cutlery was strangely clean and the meals strangely eatable. Only a few days ago I was dispatched to one part of the school to warn the master and boys to tidy up the room, as H.M.I. were on their way. The superficiality of these spasms of laying out the red carpet is killing our respect for the school.—JACOBIN.

. . . Having two schoolboy sons, aged seven and nine, Harry Hopkins's JOHN BULL series, "Going To School In 1951," interested me greatly. It seems to me that many children could leave school at fourteen and be of more benefit to the community and themselves by starting an apprenticeship, combined with a suitable course of studies. Let "clever" children stay on at school by all means, but many others would be better put to a trade, so that they become good craftsmen.—D. R. WETHERALL, 5 Sloanes Avenue, Holbury, Southampton.

. . . I enclose an entrance ticket to a whist drive at our village hall. The youth club consists of members fourteen



years old and upwards. This example of bad spelling seems to bear out that that extra year at school *is* needed. But do pupils take advantage of all that is provided for them?—MOTHER, Kent.

. . . A reader has inferred that only those boys with the best examination results are accepted for universities ("Free Speech," February 10). From my own experience, I question this. After obtaining a good Higher School certificate, I applied unsuccessfully to more than thirty universities and colleges before securing a place. Intellectual ability and examination performance seem to me to count for little these days in selection for university education. Instead, the chief requisites appear to be: (1) a good athletic record, (2) "string-pulling," (3) a ready flow of deceptive wit at interviews, and (4) a glowing recommendation from the headmaster, the views of a bigoted head being regarded as more important than those of an impartial examiner.—OXONIAN, Worcs.

When The Box Comes Round

WORKING MEN ARE STINGY when the collecting-box comes round for a good cause, says a reader. It's just the opposite where I work. If a man did not give generously he would have to talk to himself for the rest of the day; his colleagues would put him "in Coventry."—J. P., Worcs.

John Bull welcomes readers' views, experiences and ideas for publication. A guinea is paid for every letter used. Mark the envelope "Free Speech" and make sure your full name and address are in the letter.

THIS WEEK'S COVER

GARDENERS may scoff at W. E. Narraway's skit on enthusiasts who plant daffodils for shallots. But mistakes *do* occur. A gardener friend of Narraway's, a pro, says, "I know plenty of blokes who do that sort of thing. I know one who prunes apple trees with a fagging hook." The couple on the cover playing scapegoat for Narraway's fun are his real-life neighbours.

"Well . . . . . Mummy is, anyhow. She gives all of us RIBENA. She takes it too, and so does Daddy . . . . . and Grandpa! Lovely, sweet Blackcurrant Juice, it keeps us all fit and full of beans. You try it and see".

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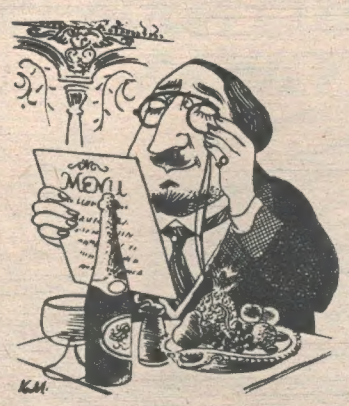

Now Gaston is a gourmand grand—
The champion-est eater in the land!
At tucking-in he is a winner
And takes two Rennies after dinner!

But Uncle Anton hates his grub
Though served up in the classiest pub!
He doesn't know the Rennies way
Of keeping stomach pain at bay.

Suck two Rennies slowly, like sweets...to restore acid balance

Too much stomach acid is often the cause of after-meals pain ...but abrupt alkalisation can be equally painful. By sucking Rennies *slowly*, the neutralising agents are gently, quickly, fully absorbed. Drip-by-drip, Rennies restore correct acid balance! If Rennies *don't* relieve your indigestion, *do* see your doctor.

DIGESTIF RENNIES

for happy stomachs

The pick of the Bonny Bournville Parade

These four healthy youngsters have been chosen from the weekly winners of our Bonny Bournville Children Parade—a nationwide competition which brought us thousands of photographs of Britain's little cocoa-drinkers. Growing up sturdy and strong, they all enjoy a regular cup of Bournville Cocoa, and love its chocolatey flavour in cakes, puddings and sweets.

Janet Hartley, Brixton Hill, London. Aged 4, daddy's favourite photographic model. Loves dressing up, telling baby brother the bedtime stories mother told her.

Patrick Tacey, Leicester. 2 years old. Favourite outfit—dungarees. Happiest when repairing model car with spanner and screwdriver. Wants to be an engineer like Daddy.

Roger Parry, Halifax. 3 years old. Wants to be an engine driver; happiest when father takes him to Halifax Station to watch the trains.

Alan Charles, Aberdeen. Aged 5, already a keen sportsman. Plays snooker, bagatelle and golf: has his own clubs and goes round with father.

And here's a new Cadbury Recipe your *youngsters will enjoy*

FRUIT CHOCOLATE CREAM

apple pulp or other fruit · 1 level tablesp. Bournville Cocoa · 2 level tablesps. sugar or more to taste · 1 heaped tablesp. flour · ½ pint milk

Put the fruit in the bottom of a glass dish or individual glasses. Mix sugar, cocoa and flour to a smooth paste with a little of the milk. Put the remainder on to boil and when boiling pour on to the blended cocoa and flour, stirring well. Return to the saucepan, bring to the boil and cook about 8 minutes stirring continuously. Pour over the fruit and when cold top with mock cream. It is advisable to make the chocolate cream in a double pan or in a basin standing in a pan of boiling water

MOCK CREAM | *2 oz. margarine · 1 tablesp. warm water · 2 level tablesps. dried milk powder · 2 oz. fine sugar · vanilla ess.*

Cream margarine and sugar. Add milk powder and water alternately. Beat well and add flavouring.

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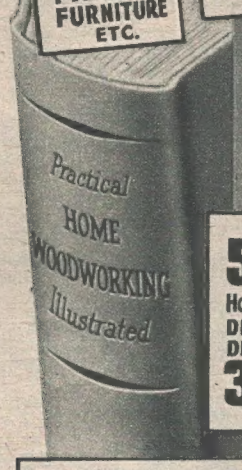

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Changing the faces of the stars

by NORMAN PHILLIPS

The chief of Hollywood's empire of beauty can experiment on a priceless collection of skins. If Judy Garland, Rosalind Russell and Lana Turner are pleased, he may be on a winner

THE CRIME CLUB, A GROUP OF ABLE and respectable detective story writers, recently launched an investigation. They wanted to discover whether or not a criminal could completely change his appearance during a twenty-minute taxi ride. The solution to this minor mystery, the authors decided, could best be found, not at Scotland Yard, but in a Bond Street beauty salon. They sent an emissary to Max Factor.

The club got the answer (which was yes) and a practical demonstration in switching disguises without lights or mirrors. This information is a normal by-product of the organization that helped to create Frankenstein's monster, disguised the U.S. Marines for jungle fighting and whose largest factory can produce in one day enough face powder to last 60,000 women for a year.

Other Factor products include blood (manufactured in three shades), wigs to mask Jack Benny's baldness, complete gorilla suits, and cosmetics guaranteed to raise an ordinary elephant into the sacred white class or heighten the beauty of any would-be Ava Gardner in the eighty-one countries where they are sold.

These aids to feminine subterfuge, dramatic accessories or disguises are sold under the name of a short, precise and meticulous chemist who, at the age of seven, started his career by selling oranges in the lobby of a Polish theatre. The Factors arrived in Los Angeles when film stars were made up with petroleum jelly and flour or cold cream and cornstarch. They stayed to found a new industry. When he died in 1938, Max Factor, sr., was one of the most influential men in Hollywood.

Kept An Eye On The Wigs

Max Frank Factor, the current president of the firm and a son of the founder, carries on the work of make-believe as Max Factor, jr. He is a conservatively-dressed man of forty-six, five feet eight inches tall, broad-shouldered and weighing eleven stone eleven pounds. He always wears English socks and shoes. His iron grey hair is curly and requires no assistance from the family wig-making shop. His complexion is classified, according to the Factor system, as "ruddy-tan outdoor type" and, if he were appearing in a motion picture, he would prescribe for himself a similar make-up to the one he prepares for Roy Rogers and William "Hopalong Cassidy" Boyd—No. 2943.

Although Factor now glories in the title of "Film Capital's Make-Up Michelangelo," there was a time when he took a more active part in films. "My two brothers and I," he says, "probably appeared in more Wild West melodramas between 1912 and 1915 than any real actor in town."

The reason for the Factor boys' cinema career was not unconnected with the later success of the family business. When Max Factor went to Los Angeles in 1908, he found the film studios using such primitive disguises as wigs derived from old mattress stuffing. He found, too, that movie producers were not eager to spend money on the finer products of the Factor workshop.

"However," Factor says, "my father decided that he could not miss out on the rental of his wigs purely because the studios lacked the cash for a deposit. He proposed that Factor wigs could be had without deposit if I and my two brothers, Dave and Lou, were hired as extras. The idea was that we could keep an eye on the wigs as they were used, collect them at the end of the day and see to it that none was lost or damaged."

Most of the films requiring artificial hirsute adornment happened to be Westerns. The plots

Janet Leigh gets some lip make-up tips from Max Factor. Technicolor needed a new sort of glamour

Thirty years of glamour. Nita Naldi, screen siren of 1919, features an ornate head-dress

Ava Gardner made up for a 1951 picture. Note the one constant feature: a black satin gown

usually concerned Indians massacring cowboys, settlers and the U.S. cavalry, until the last reel when the tables were duly turned. As most of the extras had to play Indians, the wig-watching Factor boys usually turned up as redskins.

"We were not over-happy about this career of Indian raiding," Factor recalls. "In the first place, you can't swoop down on a white settlement very impressively unless you are on a horse, along with all the other savages. None of us had ever been on a horse before. The situation was further complicated by the fact that, while cowboys rode saddled horses, the redskins were always supposed to ride bareback and this, in case you have never tried it, is no easy trick."

Dave, the eldest, who is now chairman of the board of directors, advised his brothers. "As soon as the white settlers start to shoot," he said, "all you have to do is throw your hands up in the air, scream a few times, clasp your chest where the bullet is supposed to have gone through you and then fall off the horse."

"Suffering For Art's Sake"

The young Factors mounted, screamed and fell off all day long. The filming went on until the sun set. Then the boys turned to their real work of harvesting father's wigs. "Hollywood Indians," Factor says, "could never be persuaded that they should bring in their hair folded neatly. When the day's work was done, nearly all of them rode in, whooping and yelling, ripping off the wigs and tossing them into the air as they rode. Sometimes we had to walk about a mile and a half before we completed our collection.

"Nowadays, whenever I hear actors talking about suffering for art's sake, which they frequently do," Factor declares, "I look at them in a disdainful fashion and say, 'Just let me tell you how I broke my arm, way back in the days when I was an actor. And did you ever ride a skinny horse bareback over the Hollywood hills for hours on end? There's *real* suffering for the sake of art, bud. If you only knew the pain, the agony, the inability to sit down. . . .'"

Factor's juvenile sufferings have had their compensations. Not only have the extras learned how to fold and hand in their hairpieces, but the wig department has expanded and prospered. When *Forever Amber* was filmed, Max Factor supplied more wigs—a total of 4,402—than any royal court has seen at one time. For Ingrid Bergman's *Joan of Arc* the wigmakers spent eight months and five days in research to ensure accurate reproductions for the false hair supplied to the cast. As for Ingrid, her natural hair was ruthlessly shorn in the Factor studio in the same spirit of historical accuracy.

Important as the haircrafting side of the business is, the reigning Max Factor has had little personal experience with hair styling or wig making since his youth. He is, however, classed as a "creative make-up chemist" and a leading practitioner in what is known in Hollywood as the "art of cosmetic beautification." According to Factor, this art "as women the world over know it" was founded by his father.

Experiments With New Perfumes

The Factors have indeed made innovations in the field of make-up at least as fundamental as that of a forgotten chemist who in 1866 discovered that powder containing zinc oxide would not turn brown under gas or candle light. Until then, those ladies who used the stuff depended on a bismuth compound that was apt to change colour. The senior Factor created the first cinema make-up in the lard and petroleum jelly era. Father and son kept pace with the development of talkies, television and Technicolor by devising new cosmetics to accompany them. Junior is now experimenting with perfumes to add to the range of beauty aids provided by his organization.

Factor divides his creative work between his Hollywood home, where he maintains a laboratory, and the firm's headquarters on Hollywood Boulevard. This is an overwhelming example of Californian architecture, officially classified as "neo-classic in design" and "so very simple that it can be described as modern in mass and a strikingly original combination of Greek and Empire in detail." The entrance is in green marble, wrought bronze and crystal glass.

Up the white marble steps, flanked by gold-gilt wrought-bronze railings, there pass the exquisite "guinea pigs" who assist Factor in the practice of his arts. A thorough scientist, Factor first tests his new products on animals (usually real guinea pigs) and then he applies his cosmetics to human skins representing the tones found in thirty-four different national types.

The most recent Factor development is "Pan-Stik," a make-up applied in much the same way as lipstick. Factor himself speaks of this as a "general glamorizing agent" or "medium to glamour." This make-up was originated to meet special lighting and photographic effects for the film version of *The Forsyte Saga*. But before it graced the faces of Greer Garson and Walter Pidgeon in that film, Factor had tested his new medium on a priceless collection of skins.

"Marguerite Chapman tested it for me in one of its earlier forms," Factor recalls. "Jane Greer showed me its workings in a later and more perfect development. For olive complexion tones, Ava Gardner was my model. And a long time before it was professionally applied, Lana Turner, Barbara Stanwyck, Judy Garland and Rosalind Russell also tried it out."

In the business of developing and marketing "general glamorizing agents," the value of these names is not lost on the Factors. It has also resulted in an unusual advertising contract whereby screen stars for several decades have publicised Factor products without any remuneration.

This happy state of affairs represents a considerable advance from the era when Factor senior moved his brood to Los Angeles and set up business. Their first customers were not the heroines of the early films. Things began to prosper only when Factor captured the comedians' custom.

Faces Were Painted White

Make-up in the first decade of the century was standardized. The villain was not given any. It might improve his appearance. The hero and heroine painted their faces white and their lips were drawn in elaborately. Heavy stick greasepaint, as used in the theatre, could not be applied thinly enough to allow a player to look natural.

"My father," Factor declares, "solved the cinema make-up problem in this manner: he created a new make-up in a consistency so thin that the photographed images of the actors and actresses never presented the heavy mask-like effect which the old greasepaints had always imparted.

"This new motion-picture make-up did not meet with instant acceptance and success. It was the comedians who gave it serious consideration, then enthusiastic acceptance. They really pioneered it for us. All these comics were well aware how important it was that their facial pantomime should be seen in detail with no heavy make-up masking effects. Charlie Chaplin, Roscoe 'Fatty' Arbuckle, Buster Keaton, Ford Sterling, Louise Fazenda, Charlie Murray and the other laughmakers began to call on my father to have him make them up personally."

The comedians had to be at the studios, ready for filming, by 7 a.m. To make them up, Factor opened his shop at five thirty. His son Max went along to watch. "Every bit as good as a circus," Factor recalls now. "As dawn turned into day and seven o'clock work time approached there were often many squabbles among the comics fighting to be first made up. One of the most spectacular of these early morning differences was one between cross-eyed

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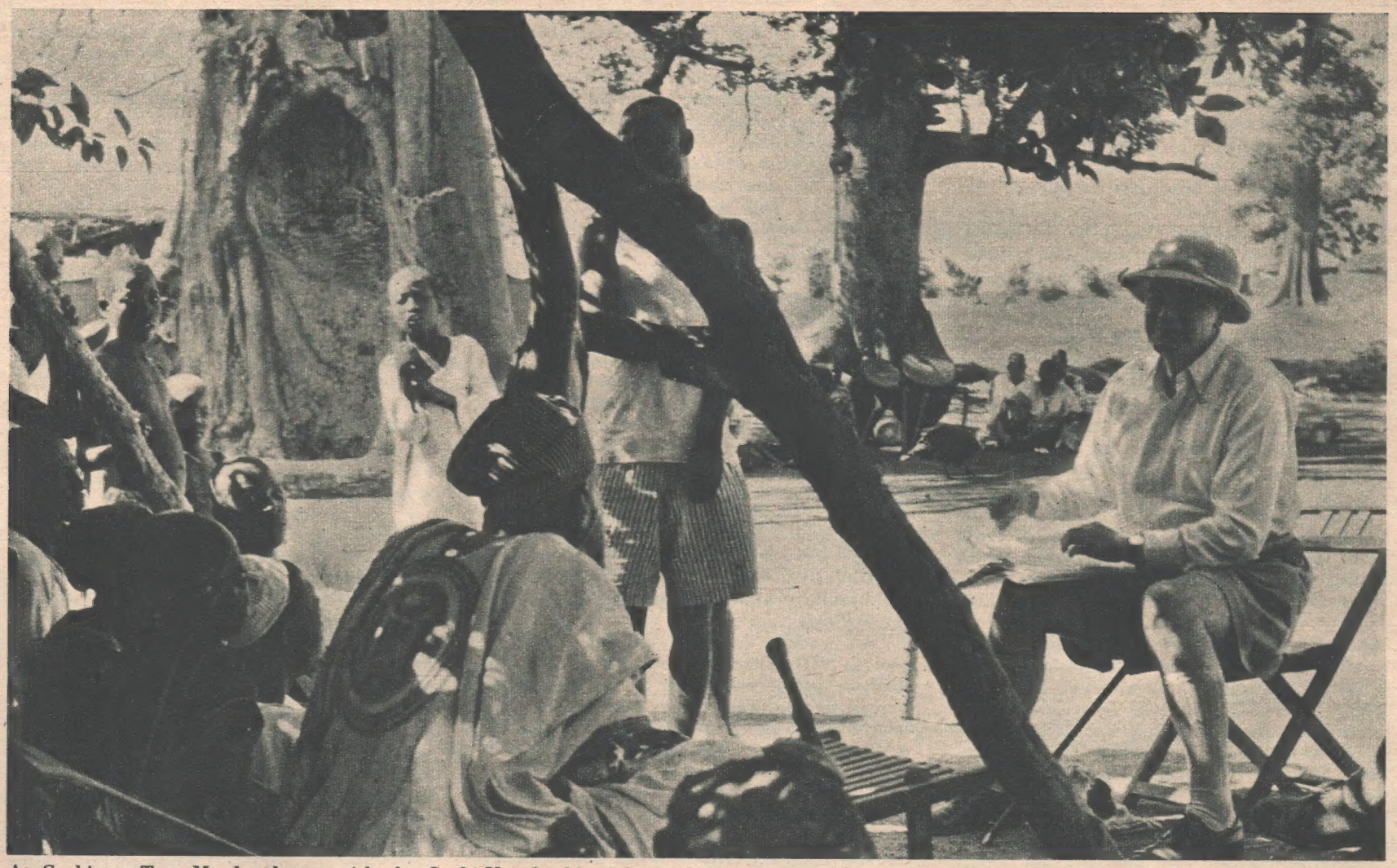

At Gushiago, Tom Mead palavers with the Gushi-Na. On his right is the interpreter. Beyond, drummers wait to beat a farewell when he leaves

Tom Mead's African outpost

by IAN BEVAN

A local Solomon, the District Commissioner rules 250,000 warriors. The essentials are love of solitude—and tact

GOLD COAST

YENDI IS A WEST AFRICAN village which, even today, the romantic novelist could fairly describe as "deep in the heart of darkest Africa." Motor lorries have come to Yendi, and a wireless transmitter competes—not always successfully—with talking drums as the fastest way of sending a message to the nearest big town. But there are no telephones, no electric light, no moving pictures.

A European doctor sits at the village hospital, dealing with long lines of people suffering from leprosy, sleeping sickness and yaws, but witch doctors and fetish priests flourish in the shadow of the hospital's mud walls.

This is the capital of the Dagomba tribe, a race of warriors who had never acknowledged another people as their rulers until the white men came. Today, though their former kingdom is part British protectorate, part United Nations trustee territory, they are still closely united, still regard themselves as living in the ancient land of Dagomba.

On Britain, as both protecting and trustee Power, falls the responsibility of looking after their welfare; and on thirty-seven year old Tom Mead, who is an officer in the British Colonial Service, falls the hard, day-to-day work which goes with this responsibility. Here is one of the outposts of Empire which Kipling used to write about, and here is one of his Empire builders, sun-helmeted and self-assured.

Even in the second half of the twentieth century such outposts remain, such men are still at work. Are they anachronisms? Is Mead a diehard reactionary, serving an outmoded and repressive system? The answers are to be found in a visit to the place, and a study of the man at work. The colonial system, if it is to continue in the face of nationalist movements like Kwame Nkrumah's Convention People's Party, which won the Gold Coast elections recently, must justify itself in the actions of men in the field. On District Commissioner Mead, and hundreds like him throughout the Colonial Empire, the whole elaborate structure must depend.

For a man who is now the virtual ruler of some 9,000 square miles and a quarter of a million people, Mead's entry into this job of Empire building was casual, to say the least. The son of a Fleet Street sporting journalist, he went to Oxford in 1932 and read history, with the vague idea of an academic career. Chance drew his attention to a Colonial Office advertisement for junior administrative officers; he applied, and 1936 found him in the Gold Coast as assistant to one of the colony's veteran district commissioners in southern Togoland.

A man's first eighteen months in the colonies is his testing time. Either he feels completely cut off from life because there are only one or two other Europeans in the same area, or he feels absorbed into a world which is new but every bit as stimulating as the one he has left behind. Mead liked Africa from the day he landed, and nothing since has caused him to change his mind.

By the end of his first "tour" (for health reasons, colonial officers serving in the tropics are sent back to Britain on leave every eighteen months) he had realized this was the life for him. Now that he has risen to the rank of Senior District Commissioner, his one fear is that he might be moved from a bush station to a big centre.

He has learned to appreciate the value of small communities. Accra, the Gold Coast capital, with a population of 135,000, had come to rank in his mind as a distressingly large metropolis until, in 1947, he was sent to America as a special adviser to the British delegation at Lake Success. The phrenetic quality of life in New York so appalled him that he was glad to return to the comparative calm of London, and overjoyed when he finally came back to Accra. But he was not really happy again until he had reached his outpost station where he was, at that time, the only white man in a village of some 2,000 Africans.

At Yendi there are three other Europeans—a doctor, a forestry officer and a schoolteacher—which Mead thinks is tending towards overcrowding. He admits that four is a better

number than two, for stories are legion in the Colonial Service of feuds which have developed between two men who have been stranded for long periods in each other's company. But he thinks that one is an even better number than four. "A little privacy," as he phrases it, "is an essential thing in life."

His job allows so little time for solitude that it is easy to understand why he appreciates an evening alone, playing Mozart on his gramophone, drinking cold beer (from the kerosene refrigerator which is his one concession to the American way of life) and smoking his pipe.

Arduous Hours On Trek

Long years in the bush have made him an early riser and he can seldom sleep after five, even if the ceremonial beating of drums which awakens the Dagomba chief at dawn fails to penetrate his consciousness. By seven he has done an hour's work in his study, breakfasted, and walked or cycled the mile to his office.

There are few matters which a D.C. can settle at his office desk, and Mead is away from Yendi three days out of seven. Dirt roads, which corrugate in the heat of the dry season and dissolve into a treacherous sludge when it rains, are hard on vehicles and passengers alike. He spends many of his most arduous working hours seated in what should be a comfortable saloon car.

As the files accumulate each week, he plans a round trip which will take in several centres where there are matters to be discussed, account books to be checked, and African local government officers to be visited. He will stop at other villages on the way, where, although there is no special business to be done, the chief or headman will appreciate a visit. "Palaver" is an essential feature of African life, and half an hour's friendly chat every month or so is a wonderful lubricant for the administrative machine.

By an oversight, Mead arrives at his first stop, the village of Gushiago, on a Friday. The chief is a Moslem, and this is his sabbath, but he agrees to see the district commissioner. If he had refused, the D.C. would have come another day. The modern colonial officer does not bluster his way through, regardless of local customs and conventions, which is why he can drive unarmed and unguarded in territory where fifty years ago no stranger was safe.

The courtesies are exchanged, business is discussed, and then Mead rises to go. Absent-mindedly, he pulls out his tobacco to fill his pipe. The Gushi-Na's eyes light up. He asks whether the D.C. can spare a little.

"You always get something out of me," says Mead good-naturedly. "Last time it was fourpence, this time it's tobacco."

A roar of laughter greets this sally. The chief and his elders remember that on Mead's previous visit the native Treasury accounts were found to be 1s. 8d. short, and Mead contributed all the loose change in his pockets, which was fourpence.

"Ah, well," says Mead philosophically, as he climbs into the car with his tobacco tin almost empty, "at least these people always laugh at my jokes." He drives on to Karaga, where there has been trouble with the accounts. The last local treasurer had worked on the theory that two and two made five. Mead had persuaded the chief to replace him, and now the time has come to check the new man.

That evening, the books still unbalanced, he goes to the rest house. There are no hotels in this part of the world, but at most important centres the Government has built large native huts with concrete floors, where visitors can stay if they bring their own bedding and their own food. Mead also provides his own entertainment. He has asked the schoolchildren to sing for him, and afterwards he has promised them supper. Proudly, the young schoolmaster, Stephen Iddrissu, introduces his pupils. They sing songs in their own tongue—one of them with a message of real value in these parts: "A lion is a strong animal, and not to be trifled with by children."

Then Iddrissu takes part in the performance himself. One of the few people in the district who can read and write English, he welcomes the chance to prove himself an educated man. He announces that he will recite. "'Lycidas'—an elegy," he starts, and continues without a mistake until he forgets a line. From his own schooldays the missing words flash into Mead's head and he is able to prompt the African. The day is made for both of them.

Only fifteen pupils sit down to the feast and there is food for sixteen. Iddrissu explains that the missing boy has been bitten by a snake and is being treated by a witch doctor, who has anointed him with oil, given him a fetish to hold, and placed a sorcerer's amulet near the bite. Mead suggests the boy should come in his car the next day and be driven to hospital.

Witch Doctor's Warning

Next morning the treasurer is at the rest house by six thirty and another hour's work on the books straightens out the tangle. Then Iddrissu appears. The witch doctor has said that, if the boy goes to hospital, it will interfere with the ju-ju and he will be bitten again. Mead, who realizes the boy is recovering in any case, discreetly bows to the witch doctor's ruling.

From Karaga, the D.C. drives to Saboba—a little village hidden in cornfields, which is the main centre of the Konkomba tribe. The Konkombas are brave and proud, but for centuries they have been under the thumb of the Dagombas. It is part of Mead's job to keep the peace between the two. Today all is well, and the Konkombas show their goodwill by staging a ritual dance in his honour. Mead rewards the dancers with jugs of pito, a mild native beer made from guinea corn, and in an instant they have drunk thirty shillings' worth. This comes out of the D.C.'s own pocket. "After all," he says, "in London I'd pay that for a couple of ballet tickets, and the dancing wouldn't be nearly as good."

Next day he visits Kpaliba, where a Government fisheries officer is trying to teach a group of Konkomba boys how to fish with nets—an art they have never learned.

Mead holds an impromptu contest to see who has learned to cast the net best, and rewards the winner with two shillings. The others look upset, but soften as he gives each of them a shilling for trying. Then he drives to Sambu, a village ruled by a sub-chief known as the Miong-Lana, who is one of the four most important chiefs in Dagomba. He sits on no ordinary seat, but on a white enamelled and padded barber's chair, selected at great expense from the mail-order catalogue of an English firm.

Iced Beer And Beethoven

The D.C. goes back to Yendi, where three days' accumulated mail awaits him. He takes the files to his bungalow. Next day there will be court cases to be tried, progress on a new hospital building to be checked, the application of a market woman for a licence to shoot a hippopotamus to be investigated. Meanwhile, Ayi has brought a bottle of beer from the ice, and there is a new recording of the Beethoven violin concerto, just arrived from London, to try on the gramophone.

Is this an archaic form of government? Is this repression? Or is it a tactful form of guidance which a primitive people respect?

Selina—the market woman who wants to shoot a hippo—has something to say which seems to be relevant. A jovial mountain of a woman, she owns a fish net and ranks as a well-to-do woman among her own people. The boys who work the net for her on the river say the hippos are interfering with their fishing, and if one could be shot it might frighten the herd away; but Selina knows they are protected animals. She is willing to put the case to the D.C. and respect his decision.

"If he say no shoot, I no shoot," she says. In these shooting days, that seems as sane a form of government as any. THE END

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THE NIGHT HAD EYES (4): *W. E. ARMSTRONG concludes his vivid story of British radar's important rôle in winning the air war*

How radar took the offensive

"THERE THEY GO!" Excitement was in the pilot's voice as he swung the Beaufighter to port and looked up at the eastern sky. The Norfolk fields were hidden in the darkness below, but in the upper twilight at 14,000 feet, the long vapour trails that the bombers strung behind them were clearly visible in the still, summer night. Flying Officer W. J. ("Sticks") Gregory, in the observer's seat, took his head out of the aircraft interception set and looked at them ruefully.

"There are 350 trigger-happy airgunners dangling on the end of that lot," he said without enthusiasm.

"What of it? We've got the gubbins, haven't we?"

"If it works. . . ." Gregory sounded doubtful.

"It had better work," said the pilot as he swung the Beaufighter back and set his course for the Zuyder Zee.

It was the evening of June 14, 1943; nearly 400 heavy bombers were setting out to bomb Oberhausen. To those below, as they heard their engines beating, it must have sounded like a routine raid, a repetition of what was happening every night as Britain's bomber offensive neared its culmination. Yet this was not quite an ordinary attack. For the first time in history, night fighters were taking the war to the enemy. The six Beaus that were climbing towards the vanishing vapour trails were evidence that a new conception of night warfare was taking shape.

To meet the R.A.F.'s Lancaster and Halifax bombers, the German night fighter force had been greatly reinforced. Equipped with a form of radar and operating under a control system well adapted to counter raids in mass, the Luftwaffe's Junkers and Messerschmitts were having increasing success. The time had arrived for new tactics.

"Why not," said a Beaufighter observer one day as he discussed his trade with others of his squadron, "why not send us out with the bomber boys and let us have a crack at the Hun fighters?"

The idea was entirely new. Night fighters had, indeed, already operated over enemy country. There had been "Intruder" sorties. Although, during the first three years of the war, security had forbidden A.I. to be carried over hostile territory, night fighters, after the ban had been lifted, had shot up trains, ammunition dumps and aerodromes, or ranged through the battle areas in search of "freelance" contacts. But the

The Beaufighter stalked a little longer; then its cannons hammered. Blazing, the enemy fell

ILLUSTRATION BY ZELINSKI

A wartime photograph of "Sticks" Gregory (left). With him is J. R. D. Braham, a night fighter pilot

theory that fighter might be matched against fighter, that some of the burden of defence could be lifted from the shoulders of the air-gunners, was fresh and exciting. Unfortunately, it presented peculiar problems, both technical and human.

There was little danger of our fighters attacking one of our own bombers, but an air-gunner in a Lancaster might be excused for engaging anything suspicious that appeared in his sights in the tense hurly-burly of a raid. From the point of view of the escorting fighter there was the difficulty of finding his opponent in an area where his A.I. set might pick up the indications of any one of 500 aircraft. Such problems appeared to offer no solution, and the question of bomber support by escorting fighters, first brought up by a few air crew discussing their trade, seemed likely to be forgotten.

It was not. "One day," says Flight Lieutenant Gregory, "a boffin came into the mess and, over a glass of beer, the question of bomber support came up again. He asked us our ideas on the subject. The only one we had was to lie with the bomber stream until it reached the target, and then try to shoot down any hostile fighter we saw attacking it. Of course, we realized that it was a hundred to one against us finding a Hun without any aids. What we needed was a type of equipment which would detect German and not friendly fighters and bombers. Without something of the sort it would be futile to go chasing after every contact and finding it to be one of our own, apart from the danger of getting a squirt from the gunner inside. That was the idea the boffin took away with him that evening. We didn't expect much to come of it."

Hunter Would Be Hunted

That was in March, in Cornwall. Six weeks later, Gregory and his squadron were doing intensive training with the Radar Development Unit, near Berwick, in Scotland. "We practised every form of night fighting," he says, "till we could almost smell an interception on the cathode ray tube." The boffin had been as good as his word. He and his fellow scientists had produced a modified aircraft interception set on which, by operating certain switches, the radar transmissions of the German night fighters could be received and read. The hunter was to be hunted—and by his own weapon.

It sounded exactly what was needed. "But there was a rather disquieting snag," says Gregory. The scientists had told them that there was a possibility that they had not found the exact frequency of the enemy transmissions. The only way there was of finding out was an experimental sortie over German-held territory. "We were to be the guinea pigs," Gregory goes on. "The tension was terrific. All those weeks of waiting and training—none of us could guess what was going to happen. But all of us kept our fingers crossed. It sounded just the job—if it worked!"

And now—"It had better work," Gregory's pilot was saying as the Beaufighter climbed towards the aircraft ahead. It was almost full night when they reached the wake of the bombers. They had decided that their best chance depended on keeping close behind them, in a position to strike when the German fighters nibbled at the stream.

Fifteen thousand feet; a few stars had come out now, and they were still climbing. The Beau slithered as it hit a heavy slipstream and the great shape of a Halifax, exhausts flaming, lurched easy to starboard. Yarmouth was below them as they crossed the coast. Gregory checked his position and they headed out to sea. Then he went back to his set and tentatively turned the switches. No "joy." Well, that proved nothing; it needed a German fighter to show results. Perhaps in half an hour's time . . .?

Once more the Beau skidded and violently fell; the bottom of his stomach seemed to hit Gregory under the chin. "Guinea pigs!" This flight, he was thinking, differed from other operational trips. He thought of the situation as a game of poker; all the players sat with good cards, only he had yet to draw one to give himself a perfect hand, a royal flush. The trouble was, he did not know if it was in the pack.

Five minutes more to the enemy coast. There went a bomber again. Another. And a third. Must be Lancasters—they had their exhausts damped. They looked enormous, like deep bruises on the night's skin. Here came the coast; alter course to 055 degrees. Then back to the set; this was it. The Beaufighter stumbled in the air. "Flak to port," said the pilot, "and thousands of lights. Any joy yet, Sticks? Look for joy."

Gregory was looking, but the set was still innocent. Perhaps the fighters had not come up yet. Where were the bombers now? It was essential to stay with the bombers. "There's a Halifax," the pilot said, and the slipstream bumped them brutally, as if they rode over a hillock of air. Good, they were still in the stream. As long as the gunners didn't fancy a squirt; a Beaufighter looked depressingly like a Ju 88 at night. More bumping, but that was flak. It must be getting hot now. Did that damned thing work or not? Fighters must be around now, surely. Yes—it did! Yes. *"Contact—hard to starboard."* The Beau roared round obediently. "Hold it! Dead ahead. Dead ahead still. It's coming back to us. Dead ahead. Dead ahead—still there. It's gone. . . ." The Hun must have switched his radar off. Well, the equipment worked, anyway. That was something, something terrific. The card *was* in the pack.

Earth's Hair Was On Fire

But would he be able to use it? For the next two hours' flying it looked as if the hand would pass unseen. Contacts flickered on his cathode ray tube, but all ended like the first. Was it possible that, this time, the Hun suspected that fighters had sneaked into the stream, that something of their mark and measure was edging round them, feeling out for them in the dark? Yet, they were there. Gregory kept his head lowered to the set; he felt as if the two greenly shining discs were clewed against his pupils. He left them only once, a second's glance into the night. It seemed as if the earth's hair was on fire: a million shells, a thousand lights were streaming up towards them.

Two and a half hours was their petrol limit; it was almost time to turn for home. "Two seven five for base." Twenty minutes' flying time to the Zuyder Zee, their turning point. The patrol had not been a failure, but it had been disappointing. Perhaps their tactics had been wrong. They had hunted the hunter; suppose they let the hunter hunt them. It was worth trying. The bombers were going home, too. The Beau could lag behind them, like a damaged bomber limping along. Up to sixteen thousand feet and throttle back.

Contact Again—Head On

It worked, almost at once, just as they reached the Zuyder Zee. "Contact to starboard, same height." A good one, and it looked as if they were going to hold it. Gregory could picture the German controller singling them out, telling his fighter that he had a limping bomber for him. The contact came steadily at them; they kept their course steadily for the coast. "At fourteen thousand feet now, still to starboard." But how far? Gregory switched to his range scale. Contact again, big and clear, approaching them rapidly—head on. This was what they had wanted. The Hun would not switch off; he could not, he had lost them. He had lost them, but they would hold him. "Same height. Dead ahead. Four thousand feet. Coming in fast." Two and a half thousand. Five degrees port. Gregory watched the contact swinging out to port, searching in a wide circle. "Port, port," he was urging, when his pilot shouted, *"I can see it,"* and, simultaneously, the Beau lifted in the turn, revolving the wheel of the stars.

And they had him—dead ahead at 15,000 feet; they were right behind him, only a thousand feet behind him. He turned gently to port, the Beau turned with him. He checked the turn, flew straight and level. He was doubtful. Gregory knew how the pilot felt, he could almost see him reach out for the radio telephony set, press the transmitter key and ask his controller for assistance. . . .

Now there he was! A Messerschmitt 110; clear, treading the darkness, pricked out against the stars—the hunter held. The Beau stalked it a little longer. Then, from 300 feet, the cannons hammered. Before their four-second burst was over the Messerschmitt was falling, falling—and burning as it fell. For a few minutes

Continued on page 32

Pocket state where stamps balance the budget

by RONALD W. CLARK

Liechtensteiners have an easy way of refilling empty coffers; they print a new set of stamps—and watch the money roll in

SEATED OUTSIDE his trim wooden chalet 4,500 feet up the Rhaetian Alps, between Switzerland and Austria, a broad-brimmed cowboy hat on his head and a long thin cheroot in his mouth, twenty-two stone Ferdinand Nigg typifies the three main qualities of the Principality of Liechtenstein—security, adaptability and contentment. Behind him lie nearly forty years of government appointments, including those of Assistant Administrator, Public Prosecutor and Leader of the Opposition.

"We don't have worries in Liechtenstein," says Herr Nigg. "If we should have any unemployed, for instance, we just build a tunnel or a road or a canal—and then print a new stamp issue. The sales of the stamps pay for the enterprise." Printing and selling stamps is, indeed, Liechtenstein's staple industry, bringing in roughly a quarter of the entire revenue of the tiny, 60-square mile country.

Liechtenstein supports 12,000 people, 5,295 cattle, 357 horses and 32,892 chickens. About 2,400 of the inhabitants live in the capital, Vaduz, whose houses cluster around a square, on one side of which stands the gleaming white post office, paid for with the 200,000 Swiss francs which, the Liechtensteiners say, were the proceeds of a single day's sale of a special stamp.

Above the square, almost overshadowing it, stands the castle of the "Fuerst"—Francis Joseph II, Prince of Liechtenstein, Duke of Troppau and of Jagerndorf. It contains a collection of oil paintings insured for £5,000,000; a further collection of medieval armour and wooden Madonnas, and a constant succession of relatives and near-relatives come to visit the Fuerst and his wife, Princess Gina von Wilczek.

Prince Without Any Power

"Not that the ruling family lives off the land," adds Herr Nigg. "The prince receives no money from the state, and plays no official part in the affairs of government—but you will have seen what we think of him. . . ."

Photographs of the royal family hang in almost every home and café. By a lucky chance, the prince's birthday falls on August 16, the day following the Feast of the Assumption. Liechtenstein, ninety-nine per cent Roman Catholic, is therefore able to combine the two events in one grand celebration. On August 15, the crowds of loyal citizens sing the national anthem, which rather surprisingly turns out to be the same tune as "God Save the King." Even more surprisingly, the singers mark the end of each verse by springing to attention, raising the right arm, and shouting "Heil!" The Liechtensteiners explain that the practice began long before Hitler was heard of and they see no reason for altering their customs because of him.

Just when—or how—the country's stamp business began, not even the Liechtensteiners seem to know. The first stamps (issued in 1912) were printed for conventional use on letters, but for many years that has been considered old-fashioned in this Ruritania-on-the-Rhine. The guiding principle now is to print a few thousand stamps costing a few score pounds and sell them at special sur-tax prices on special days, for special events, or for any reason that an imaginative government can think up when money is short.

For many years, Liechtenstein has been doing just that. Stamp dealers now come from all over the world for the special stamp festival days which are held every two years. There are, indeed, special catalogues listing many thousands of different Liechtenstein stamps and the many "misprints" which curiously seem to crop up in large numbers and which add substantially to the revenue. No excuse for a special stamp is too trivial. Once, a series of Graf Zeppelin stamps was issued to commemorate the day the famous airship flew across a corner of this six-by-ten-mile country.

Queues Outside Post Office

I was lucky to be in Vaduz during one of its "stamp days," and was introduced to grey-haired Rudolf Strub, the postmaster-general. "His brother, David, is President of the country," I was told, "but Herr Rudolf has been postmaster-general for twenty years, so he is really far more important."

By lunchtime that day, nearly 7,000 letters had been posted in this small town of 2,400 people and were being sorted by Rudolf and his ten assistants. Even at that, buyers had been rationed to two sets each of the day's special issue. Queues to buy them had begun to form outside the post office soon after dawn. The market value of that two-stamp issue has since risen from two shillings to nearly £5. After that hectic stamp day, nothing in Liechtenstein could surprise me—even when I learned that a man who once owned estates in Russia bigger than the whole of Liechtenstein now owns the smallest house in the country and is the local photographer. His assistant, like himself, has the rank of baron.

One evening, soon after, I joined Herr Nigg over a glass of red Vaduzer. Puzzled, I asked him what was the real secret of his country's prosperity. He took the thin *brissago* from his mouth. "Work," he said simply. And he meant it.

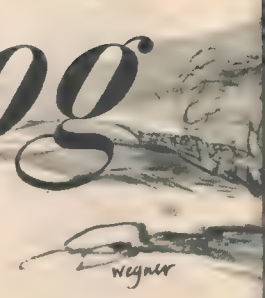
In addition to stamp production, the country's economy is based on corn, fruit, wood, wine, cotton-spinning and the manufacture of leather goods. False teeth are also made in Liechtenstein, including black ones which are exported to Indo-China and Siam.

The government of the country rarely has problems to deal with, and the Diet meets only when there is some specific job to do. "Our three scourges," Herr Nigg told me, "are the Rhine, Rufen and Foehn. The Rhine frequently floods the low-lying western frontier area, the Rufen are gullies down which stones roar from the mountainsides and are a menace to agriculture, and the Foehn, the warm south wind, spreads sparks and starts fires. No, we have few worries. The only thing that really disturbs us is the danger of getting drawn into the difficulties of the big, bad world beyond." THE END

Prince Francis Joseph and his wife, with their three sons, in the courtyard of the old castle

"We've no worries in Liechtenstein," says Herr Nigg, twenty-two stone Leader of the Opposition

Two men and a dog



by JOHN NIVEN

He knew what would happen to the dog if he sold it. But what choice did he have? A man couldn't think of a dog with his daughter's life at stake

THE FIRST INKLING I HAD that the bluff, outwardly good-natured Bogie Cruickshank, our nearest neighbour, was no real friend to my uncle came quite by chance. I was coming down through the birk wood one day when, round a bend in the tree-lined path, I heard Bogie's voice: "I'm warnin' ye Donal', ye're mad to put a man like yon shiftless Jim Rattray in charge o' yer flock when ye're not here to look after yer interests. He thinks more aboot his precious dogs than he does aboot yer sheep. . . ."

"I'm thinkin' ye're over hard on him," objected another voice, which I recognized as that of Donald Duguid, owner of Aughinvore hill farm, where my uncle was hired shepherd. "He cam' to me wi' a great reputation as a sheep man. They say there's no' a better dog handler in the north o' Scotlan'—unless maybe yersel, Bogie, for I hear you've got notions that way."

"Maybe I have!" grunted Bogie. "But I dinna let them interfere wi' my work."

Bogie's double-dealing infuriated but did not wholly surprise me. It was not so long ago since he had made an offer for a very promising youngster, Jess, sired by my uncle's Blake, old and past work now, but in his day a champion at the local sheepdog trials, and a creditable performer even at bigger events. I'd heard my uncle refuse the offer but, unlike him, I'd noticed the covetous, angry look leap into the sheep farmer's hard blue eyes.

I found my uncle out on the hill, a mile or so beyond Aughinvore House. Stick tucked under one arm, his slim figure was very still as he stood raking the hillside above with a spy-glass. At his feet crouched a fully trained dog, Spot, and Jess, the youngster. Jess was black except for white splashes on her chest, feet and tail tip. She was standing on the alert, ears pricked, as if waiting for a command.

As I came up to them, my uncle gave an almost imperceptible movement with his right hand, and said softly, but authoritatively: "Haud away oot, Spot, haud away oot!"

The old dog streaked up the hillside, bearing to the right. Jess, her eyes garnet bright with excitement, watched and waited. A second later her master said, "Jess," but this time, placing two fingers in his mouth, he gave a curious whistle signal, "Whee-whoo!" and Jess was off like a slipped greyhound.

"See yon outrun, Alec," crowed my uncle, whose life's dream was to breed a dog good enough to win the "Blue Riband of the Heather" or the International Sheep Dog

Championship. "Little more than a whelp she is, but already she's runnin' wide an' true—no crowdin' over close to the sheep. Watch now that insweep that'll tak' her in above them."

As Spot wheeled in above the sheep, Rattray sent a high-pitched whistle pealing up the hillside. Spot dropped on the instant, but Jess ran on until a peremptory and even shriller whistle made her drop on the heather. Like all hot-headed youngsters, she found the stop whistle hardest to obey.

With the exception of Old Spot, who, apart from the stop whistle, had come to him trained solely to the voice, my uncle worked his dogs entirely by whistle signals. He was the kind of man who hates loud-voiced shouting. Quiet and gentle, he had the knack of quickly gaining the confidence of any animal. Yet there was surprising strength in his frail, five-foot-seven body, for at lambing time I'd known him go sleepless for more than forty-eight hours at a stretch.

Cupping his small, almost feminine, hands round his mouth, he called, "Here tae me, Spot!" While he was absorbed in working the dogs, I knew it was useless telling him about Bogie, so I bided my time.

As he turned towards me, the wind lifted the untidy hair on his bare head, still brown though he was nigh on fifty. In his haggard cheeks, rough with a week's stubble, burned a slight prideful glow as he said: "See the way Jess comes in, Morag, back up, head right down an' watching—tail low between her legs. A bonnie style! Never yet have I had a dog at her age show such understandin' an' promise."

By this time I had grown used to him calling me, absentmindedly, by the name of his only daughter, who during the war had married a Canadian lumberman. Even now he found it hard to believe that Morag had sailed for Canada nine months ago. Until her marriage she had been his constant companion, had taken the place of the son he'd never had.

Slowly the sheep were driven ever closer. Jim's voice commands to Spot kept the flock in a tight circle with both dogs lying nose on paws watching them, ready on the instant to check a breakaway.

Suddenly, as Jim moved closer to examine the animals for signs of fly, they broke towards Jess. The green youngster became flustered. Instead of gently checking the rush, she came in straight-necked, eyes blazing, and nipped the leading ewe sharply in the face.

"Jess!" Jim's voice was not loud but the note in it was enough. Jess made a half-hearted rush to stop another ewe breaking away, changed her mind because of the displeased tone in her idol's voice, and in a moment the sheep were streaming past her up the hillside.

"Here tae me, Jess! Here tae me!" called Jim, and with a low word to Spot, sent the old dog racing to bring back the sheep a second time. Jess, dejection in every movement of her lissom body, came sneaking in to heel. To my surprise, Jim did not scold her.

"She's a good 'strong eye,'" he explained, "an' ye need a 'strong eye' to command these wild blackfaced sheep. She's a wee thing, raw yet, but wi' sensitive dogs like Jess ye've tae go awfu' easy. They're shy like a young deer—break their spirit an' ye can do nothin' wi' them."

From behind her master's feet, a crestfallen Jess watched while the old dog gave a masterly display. He rounded up the sheep and kept them tightly penned while Jim examined them.

When he had finished I told him about Bogie, but all he said was: "Weel, weel—it takes a' kinds tae make a world." The remark was typical of Jim, who gave an artist's concentration to his dogs, but mostly ignored his fellows except to believe that they were all cast in the same kindly mould as himself.

Early next morning, helped by a party of neighbours, including Bogie, we set out to gather the big sheep-run. South, west and north of us there was nothing but wideflung moors and hills. All day each man tramped his allotted portion of the hill-run, with a dog out on either hand gathering sheep from the higher slopes.

Over twenty miles most of us clumped in our tackety boots before the individual rivulets of bleating sheep began to merge into a huge white river three miles or so into the hills behind Aughinvore. The lingering twilight was almost gone, leaving the western hills an indigo line against a saffron sky, before the dust cloud that hung over the united flocks eventually reached the old grey house.

At dinner that night Aughinvore's big, stone-flagged kitchen was crammed with hungry, dirty, tweeded and sheep-smelling men. Mary Rattray and the two young Morrison girls, who'd come from the far end of the glen to help, were kept busy dishing up great platefuls of boiled hen, potatoes and greens, followed by a heavy brown duff. On the hill-run, men and dogs needed good grub.

I thought my aunt was looking paler, more tired than usual. Then I remembered that in far-off Canada, Morag was near her time with her first child. Maybe she was worrying—and the long sea miles lying between them didn't help.

After the excitement of the clipping, things settled into their normal run. It was, maybe, a week afterwards that I noticed our minister, a stocky, kindly man puffing his way up through the heat to Aughinvore. As it was not the time for his routine visit, I wandered over to see what was afoot. In the best room I found my uncle and aunt listening to him. Their faces wore that curious frozen look which country folk assume when news is bad.

"Her man cabled me," the minister was saying, all the while nervously wiping his perspiring forehead with a silk handkerchief. "The bairn's alive—but they fear they might lose Morag. She keep calling for ye, Mary. The doctors think the only chance is for ye to fly over tae her. Your son-in-law's offered to put up half the fare. There's just the one chance."

"Fly!" repeated Jim, who could not have been more dumbfounded had he been asked to conduct a symphony orchestra.

"I've already taken the liberty of phoning for a seat on a plane leaving Prestwick tomorrow. Ye'll mind I married them."

"But the money," quavered Mary, whose whole life had been spent trying to make sixpence do the work of a shilling.

But Jim had recovered some of his wits. "Ye did right, Mr. Gillespie. Mary'll be on that plane. I'll fin' the money somehow."

Later, when the minister had gone, James Rattray spent a long time over papers in his old-fashioned desk. Somehow he couldn't bring himself to take his son-in-law's money. He'd have to find the whole lot himself. That was something like £140. How could he manage? His whole savings barely came to £130.

Finally, he shoved his glasses high up on his forehead and stepped outside. Just then, Jess, who'd been sleeping behind the house, came bounding up to her idol, her adored master. For a long moment the shepherd, his hands lingering on the little dog's head, looked at her. "There's nae other way," he muttered bitterly. . . .

That evening I was sent down for Bogie who, although he knew the grim reason for the sale, haggled over the price (far below what Jess was worth) like a tinker buying a likely beast at a horse fair. In the end he went away with Jess for a pound or so less than Jim had originally asked. I've never seen a look of such utter misery in any animal's eyes. She fought wildly at the end of the rope until Jim gently made her understand it was his wish she should leave Aughinvore.

Even then, when Bogie tried to touch her, she backed away with her ears flat against her well-shaped head, and lips writhing from her fangs. If ever there was a one-man dog it was Jess. Confident in his power to subdue any animal, Bogie paid no great heed, but roughly hauled her away.

Jim turned away. On his face was a curious flinty look. His anger was directed more against himself for selling than with Bogie for buying. But my aunt caught the plane at Prestwick.

In the months that followed he never once mentioned Jess's name. Even when we had a

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Their faces had a curious, frozen look. The minister said: "There's just the one chance"

ILLUSTRATION BY JOHNSTON

Can Eisenhower defend Europe?

by Captain B. H. LIDDELL HART

The new C.-in-C. of the Western Alliance faces a dangerous gap in our defences. But is it so appalling as many people assume?

GENERAL EISENHOWER made a wide impression during his tour of investigation prior to taking up his post as supreme commander of the North Atlantic Treaty forces—and co-ordinator of the efforts of the twelve member-nations. He has the knack of making people believe in themselves as well as in him. Thus his tour acted as a tonic.

Eisenhower will now have to get down to the job in more detail. What is on the agenda? No disclosure or mind-reading is involved in indicating some of the main points he will have to consider. Where an attack may come, and how? What force is needed as a minimum to meet (a) an opening attack; (b) its eventual reinforcement? How soon can the required forces be formed? How soon can they be equipped? How far will radically new weapons affect the prospect? What strategy should be followed in conducting the defence?

The most obvious line of invasion is through Germany into France and the Low Countries, and that would be the most decisive. But Eisenhower and the staff planners must also reckon with a variety of other possibilities, on the flanks of the central area.

There might be an attack on Norway, either in advance of or in conjunction with an invasion of Western Europe. Norway's frontier in the far north adjoins that of Russia. While any invasion through that rugged and desolate Arctic stretch would have immense difficulties, and be remote from Norway's main centres, it has to be put on the list of contingencies.

An attack on Denmark would be a probable accompaniment of any Russian advance in Germany. The Russian front line in Germany runs only a short distance from Denmark's southern border. Once the small forces on the Baltic flank of the British Zone had been pushed back, the invaders would be able to swing north and drive into Danish Schleswig and Jutland.

As for the Danish group of islands, where the capital lies, they are still nearer to the Russian-occupied ports on the Baltic—within the close embrace of the Soviet naval and air forces. Their situation is the more precarious since they lie astride the exits from the Baltic, and the Soviet navy would naturally want to seize these outlets in order to send out its submarines to operate on the North Sea and Atlantic traffic routes.

There is another way by which Russia could reach this vitally important Danish bottleneck—the overland route of advance through Sweden. A drive through Sweden would also be Russia's best way to Norway's coast and seaports.

Italy's Forces Are Weak

On the other flank of the N.A.T. central area, Italy forms an attractive objective—as a way south into the Mediterranean area, and because of her weakness. She is covered in some degree by the small Anglo-American forces in Austria and in a higher degree by her mountains. But the value of mountains as a barrier depends on having forces capable of holding it firmly. Italy's forces are poor and ill-equipped.

But, whatever the hazards on the flanks, the clearest and greatest danger is a push through Western Germany into France, Belgium and Holland. Eisenhower is not likely to lose sight of that fact. At present Russia has a sufficient superiority of force to operate simultaneously on all or most of the lines of attack we have traced, but it is only in Western Europe that she would have room to deploy them in bulk or find sufficiently open ground to make effective use of her armoured and mechanized divisions.

The conquest of Western Europe would also have a greater effect than any of the other moves mentioned. The utmost effort is required to make this central area secure. Even from a narrowly British point of view its maintenance has become more necessary than ever before, owing to the development of weapons that might make it far harder than in 1940 for Britain to maintain an isolated defence on the edge of an enemy-occupied continent. The U.S. Government and its strategic advisers have also come to realize that a speeded-up effort to preserve Western Europe from being overrun offers a better prospect than any plans to liberate it later.

A further possibility that should not be overlooked is a surprise stroke against the British Isles before a general invasion of the West. Besides an overwhelming atomic stroke, the possibilities include airborne invasion "out of the blue" before the defences are mobilized; invasion from a fleet of submarine troop-carriers; and others that are best left unindicated.

Re-create The Home Guard

It would be a mistake, however, to conclude that precautions against these risks necessitate holding back land forces in Britain that are needed to make up an adequate covering force in Western Germany. Even in regard to the menace of surprise invasion, it might be wiser, on a balance of risks, to rely on a small highly mobile reserve backed by an extensive Home Guard. This ought to be re-created now.

Here we come to the crucial question—what land force is needed to hold the N.A.T. position on the Continent? The answer depends, first, on gauging the scale of force that Russia and her satellites are able to employ for invasion in the opening stage and later. In providing the forces to meet it, priority must be given to the defence of Western Europe, the decisive area.

The Western Powers have stated that Russia now has a standing army of about 3,000,000 men forming 175 divisions on an active basis, and that one-third of these are tank or mechanized divisions. It has been estimated that on mobilization the total could be increased to 300 divisions or more, and to 500 within a few months.

There is some doubt, however, about any estimate of the number of active divisions maintained in the interior of Russia, as well as about their scale of men and equipment. Far more definite is our information about the forces she has in the occupied and satellite countries, her outposts. It is with these that the planning of Western defence must primarily reckon, since they would form the spearheads, while a large move-up of reinforcements from the interior of Russia should be known in time for the Western nations to call up their reservists.

In Eastern Germany there are reported to be twenty-eight Russian divisions, but not all of these are combat divisions. More significant is that eighteen are of an armoured type—what is called the "mechanized division" has only a fraction less tanks than the "tank division" proper: more than 200 tanks compared with 250. These divisions could advance at short notice—and quickly. Thus they represent the main threat of a surprise invasion—which Eisenhower's "Atlantic Army" must be prepared to meet.

Only a small proportion of Russian forces are posted in the other countries. There are believed to be a couple of divisions apiece in Poland, Austria, Hungary and Rumania—all except one being of armoured type. There is at present none in Czechoslovakia or Bulgaria. It may be reckoned that only the two in Poland are likely to be used for an attack through Western Germany.

A larger addition to the spearhead might be provided by the satellite armies, to which Russia has recently been accelerating the supply of tanks. The Polish Army is believed to have four armoured divisions, although not yet complete, and the Czechoslovak Army, two. These might be used in a westward thrust. The Hungarian Army is reported to have two armoured divisions; the Rumanian, three; and Bulgarian, one. But Jugoslavia is the likely target for any attack by this group of Russia's satellites.

Such a survey of the "Red" layout emphasizes the prime importance, in Eisenhower's planning, of guarding Western Europe. There is no present sign of any serious concentration towards the Italian frontier, and the Soviet strategists would probably hesitate to embark on an advance in that direction so long as Jugoslavia remains as a thorn in their flank. What force could Russia use against Scandinavia is difficult to gauge, but that area—full of lakes and forests and mountains—is unsuitable, fortunately, for large-scale use of fast mechanized forces. That helps to offset the limitations of the Swedish and Norwegian forces.

Moreover, an invasion of Scandinavia would be likely to result in the unleashing of American bombers, with atomic bombs, against the vital centres of Russia. If the Soviet strategists decide to run such a risk they are likely to do so for a greater gain than a Scandinavian "sideshow" would promise.

Twenty Divisions Needed

What scale of covering force does Eisenhower require in Western Germany to guard against a sudden invasion? The Russians would be able to launch an attack with twenty-five to thirty mobile divisions from what are now in Eastern Germany and close at hand, without giving any such warning as would be involved in bringing up massive reinforcements from Russia. Eisenhower should be able to check such an attack with fifteen to twenty "Atlantic" divisions if they are immediately ready for action.

At present there are seven divisions on the spot—two British, two American, three French—while another from Britain and two more from the U.S.A. are expected shortly. France has two stationed close behind, and others forming; her total now is seven, and is expected to be ten before the end of the year. Two fresh divisions have recently been formed in Britain. Belgium hopes to have two ready by the summer, and there may be one in Holland later. The U.S.A. is planning to send two more by the late summer, making six American divisions on the spot.

So the gap, though dangerous, is not so appalling as many people assume. Indeed, the forces now absorbed in the Far East "sump-pit" would suffice, if brought away, to make the West

General Dwight Eisenhower, says Liddell Hart, makes people believe in themselves as well as in him

immediately secure against a surprise invasion.

It is necessary, of course, to reckon with the contingency that the Soviet chiefs might choose to reinforce their present spearhead from Russia, and take the risk of thus revealing their offensive preparations. What scale of striking force could they concentrate in that case? It seems more likely that they would bring up the rest of the armoured divisions they could make available, rather than lose time and thrusting power by sending forward ordinary infantry divisions with horse-drawn transport. In the hope of initial surprise, they might also choose to open the attack with the existing spearheads, while the reinforcements started moving forward from Russia at the same time.

But the sum of intelligence and logistical calculations suggests that the total of the two waves might not exceed fifty to sixty divisions. Even if the number turned out to be somewhat larger, the addition would probably be Russian or satellite divisions of inferior grade.

With thirty to forty fully mobile divisions, the Western Powers should be able to check an attack of this scale—provided that training, equipment, generalship and air cover were also on a proportionate level. To make up that number they need to organize a second wave of fifteen to twenty divisions that could come into action within a few days, to double the original covering force. That is well within their capacity if the present total number of men in their armies is effectively organized and the equipment provided.

But could the Western armies hope to withstand the ultimate onslaught of the masses that Russia and her satellites could eventually mobilize? That question is often anxiously asked.

The first part of the answer is that the Soviet strategists would be far more likely to abstain from launching an invasion once they saw that their opponents had sufficient strength to prevent them over-running Western Europe in quick time. Russia may hesitate all the more in view of her economic weaknesses and America's vast potential. So the first part of the answer may prove the complete answer.

In any case, it would be difficult for Russia, in attacking Western Europe, to use and maintain as much as half or even a third of her full mobilized strength at such a long distance from her home bases. The ultimate maximum might be no more than 200 divisions, and not even that if the Atlantic air forces effectively harassed the long-stretched communications. Before any such number could be brought up, the Atlantic nations would have time to mobilize. They ought to be able to raise eighty to a hundred divisions before long, with the possibility of continuing to increase as equipment and reinforcements pour in from America.

The Atlantic forces should be assured of the advantage in mechanized power, and in air power, too, once their resources developed. That advantage carries greater weight in Western Europe than in rugged and roadless countries—Korea, for example. The abundance of airfields also facilitates air operations.

We come now to the most crucial question on Eisenhower's agenda—the dual question of how soon the required forces can be formed and how soon equipped.

The answer to the first part depends mainly on the governments of the European members of the Atlantic alliance and their will to demand of their respective peoples an effort in proportion to the danger that threatens them.

The answer to the second part of the question depends mainly on America's industrial effort—although the European countries ought to do much more than they have yet done to develop their own output of arms and other equipment.

What can be said with conviction is that an adequate covering force to meet any sudden attack could be created within a year, and might even be ready earlier. It could certainly be provided earlier if the U.S. Government were to cut free from the Korean entanglement and bring the bulk of the American divisions to Europe—"putting first things first" and concentrating at the decisive spot.

The proposal to incorporate a West German contingent is being strongly pressed by the U.S. government on the ground that it would not only help to make up the required scale of the covering force but would enhance its military quality. The fighting record of German troops gives weight to that argument. But the mass of the German people show even more reluctance to bear arms again than the French feel about seeing them re-armed—and both fear that it would precipitate a Russian invasion. In any case, the immediate covering force must be provided by the other Western countries.

Better Retort Than A-Bomb

As for the question of new weapons, it can be said that there are several types now in development that promise to strengthen the power of defence more than the power of offence. Some have already been mentioned by General Bradley and other high official spokesmen—for example, minefields of a new type that are difficult to detect; weapons that combine the penetrative effect of the "bazooka" with the range and accuracy of a gun. Others have not even been hinted at. In their power to bring an invading army to a halt and render it helpless, they would be a better safeguard—better in every sense—than reliance on the atomic bomb as a deterrent and retort.

We come now to the last question on the agenda. This is not the place to discuss in detail the strategic plans that may be adopted. They should be based, however, on the idea of tackling the invader as far forward as possible, rather than awaiting him on the Rhine. That is important not only to ensure ample space for manoeuvre, but to preserve intact as much of the West as possible, together with the resources of fighting men and industrial power that exist in the forward area—Western Germany. The mines and factories of the Ruhr in particular are of outstanding importance.

A Certainty—Given Time

In sum, this review of the factors may help to show how General Bradley recently reached the conclusion that, whereas in 1949 a successful defence of Western Europe seemed only "a remote possibility," it now seemed a "practical certainty"—given sufficient time, American aid, and effort on this side. General Eisenhower has come to share that conclusion, and is clearly determined to do his utmost to ensure its fulfilment.

The first task is to meet the minimum needs of a successful defence of the central area. After that, provision has to be made for giving support to the Scandinavian flank and the Italian flank—Italy has only three small-scale divisions ready, though hoping to bring the number up to eight before the end of the year. The total scale of covering force required for the North Atlantic Treaty countries may be reckoned as about forty divisions, of which half ought to be always ready for action and the other half ready at short notice. Beyond that, and behind that cover, a mobilizable reserve of at least equal scale has to be created and equipped.

A further problem is not on Eisenhower's agenda, or within his sphere, but ought to be: the defence of the Middle East. For the Atlantic Powers must reckon with the possibility—indeed, the likelihood—that Russia's next move may be in that area, and with the Persian oilfields as a particular aim. The Middle East is also the area most promising for counter-offensive action, since it lies close to the vital centres of Russia's war-making power. THE END

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LADY IN THE JUNGLE

by HUGH B. CAVE

ILLUSTRATED BY ZELINSKI

One man had escaped with the girl—but who was he? Which of the three had this brutal streak?

HIGH ON THE MOUNTAIN, Dr. Benjamin Grimshaw stopped to rest, motioning his Negrito companions to wait. He found it hard to believe that such an incredible desolation existed, even in primitive New Guinea. They had passed out of the forest the day before, toiling upward towards the place where the aeroplane had been seen to falter. Here the air had teeth and the forest floor was a mossy sponge laden with moisture.

Grimshaw shook his head. He was too old for this sort of thing. Every part of him ached. Almost a week had passed since his departure with Fayne and Dawson from the expedition's base camp at Hollandia, on the coast. They had not known then what had happened: only that the plane was returning from the inland plateau and Nyssen, her pilot, had reported engine trouble over that ugly blank on the map marked "Unexplored." A calm man, Nyssen had spoken matter-of-factly enough over the plane's radio. Then the radio had gone silent.

Grimshaw adjusted his revolver belt and struggled to his feet. He had tired abruptly in the mountains after separating from Fayne and Dawson three days ago.

An hour later, in the eerie silence of the mountain top, his mission came to an end. The plane lay like a dirty tinfoil toy crushed and flung aside. There was no life here. He must go back to tell the others that Nyssen and Valentine and Hale and Florence Grimshaw—his daughter—had perished.

Silently, a long time, he stood with lowered head. When he looked up, Wasipa, leader of the guides, was beckoning to him. Grimshaw followed to a spot among the crags where the others stood in a silent group. They stepped aside for him. He gazed at two rectangular heaps of stones.

Graves, he thought. But only two. His heartbeats quickened. Before the two mounds he fell to his knees, thrust out his hands, drew them back again. He had to know, but could not will himself to tear away the piled-up stones. Wasipa, stepping up behind him, jabbed a finger at the ground.

The scientist's untrained eyes made out what might have been a footprint. He jerked his head up. "Man?" he said harshly. "Or woman?"

"Woman," Wasipa said.

Grimshaw let his breath out. Florence is alive, he thought. She and one of the others. I wonder which one.

There were more prints nearby, where the two survivors had walked over pulverized stone, mud-soft, between walls of rock that held out the sun's heat. Grimshaw studied the clear marks that accompanied those of his daughter's small, flat-heeled shoes. The pilot had worn plimsolls. He always wore plimsolls. These were shoe prints. But whether they had been made by Valentine or Hale, he could not decide.

As he followed the guides, peering at the trail, Grimshaw's thoughts focused on his daughter. Strange, he thought. Her mind has been made up for her now. She won't have to choose.

He had no illusions about his daughter. Since the death of her mother, four years ago, she had become a thoroughly spoilt young woman. That she was also beautiful and talented was no compensation. At home in Sydney, Florence had been pursued by an endless string of nice young men who bored her because she could outplay them at tennis and golf, outride them on horseback, and outdrink them at cocktail parties. But the sports and cocktails bored her, too.

LAST year she had begged him to sell the Westport estate and buy a hundred-year-old farmhouse. In a moment of weakness he had yielded. For six months she had worked frenziedly at remodelling the place; then, when all her friends had marvelled at her taste and skill, she had told him to sell it. "I'm going to New Guinea with you," she informed him.

"New Guinea?" he said, aghast. "My dear girl, are you out of your mind? New Guinea isn't hula dancing and soft music. It's all jungle, swamp and mountains." He turned the map towards her and impatiently jabbed a finger at the desolate region south of Hollandia. "We're going to establish a camp way back in here. Our only contact with the coast will be by plane—and not even that unless we can find the plateau reported two years ago by Thorgeson, to use for a landing strip. It will be hard, dirty work."

She hardly listened. She wasn't interested in New Guinea, or the scientific value of discovering the pure Negrito tongue, a language sought for years and now rumoured to exist in the region under scrutiny. She was bored with Sydney and her men friends. Richard Valentine and Tom Hale, comparatively new on her horizon, were going to New Guinea.

Oddly, she had not lost interest in Hale and Valentine on the trip out to the islands. The environment may have had something to do with it. The direct close-quarter competition for her favour may have amused her, too. Both were determined men, if poles apart in temperament.

Grimshaw remembered one evening at Hollandia when the two had nearly come to blows. It was her birthday. For a week the camp had been on edge. Quinn, the pilot, had had to be sent home ill. The replacement pilot, promised by the Dutch authorities, had not yet arrived from Java and might be any sort of man. With tempers taut, a birthday party for Florence had seemed in order.

Hale asked angrily: "Why can't she go?" Fl

It was not a success. Valentine, handsome, fluent in five languages, had baked her a cake in the cooking tent, where the temperature was over a hundred. Hale, neither handsome nor fluent, but blessed with the greater inventiveness, had with his hands fashioned her a bracelet from a fragment of Jap Zero wing, purchased from a native. Each had been grimly set back by the magnificence of the other's gift.

Grimshaw had entered the tent, followed indifferently by Nyssen, the new pilot, who had just arrived, to find Fayne and Dawson seated quietly with their beer while Valentine and Hale stood, silent and unhappy, by the table. There was an air of tension.

Grimshaw filled the awkward silence with introductions. Then followed another moment of stillness which Nyssen himself attended to.

He was a lean, durable young man with forthright mouth and eyes, as bare of pretence as a mountain crag. Stepping to the table, he examined the cake critically from all angles, grinned and said: "This is all right. I got here hungry."

WASIPA, leaning on his rifle, waited for Grimshaw to come up to him, then lifted a thin brown hand and pointed: "Down there is a small village. We stop, because soon it will be dark. Perhaps man and woman will be there."

They arrived in the tiny settlement just as the surrounding peaks lost identity in the darkness. The place was deserted. Aching in every bone, Grimshaw sat on his pack before a house

rence watched, incredulity on her face. Nyssen was too tired to argue. He walked to the plane

of rough-cut slabs while Wasipa investigated. Returning, the latter gave an order to his men and two of them glided silently into the dark.

"They are shy, these mountain people," Wasipa explained. "Very often they hide when strangers approach. Perhaps we can persuade them to return."

An hour passed. Grimshaw was content to rest. When at last Wasipa's emissaries came back with a handful of wary pygmies, he was profoundly puzzled by what he learned.

His daughter and her companion had passed this way two days before. They must have waited several days by the wrecked plane before starting out, knowing there were other planes at Hollandia and that an aerial search would be made for them. But what was this about the girl being treated with abuse by her escort? Troubled, he turned to Wasipa for confirmation.

"The man forced my daughter to go on when she wanted to stay. Is that what they say?"

"It seemed so to them."

"And she carried the pack? Was the man hurt? Was something wrong with him?"

Wasipa questioned the villagers. "He was not hurt."

Grimshaw could not believe it. While Wasipa supervised the preparation of a meal, he continued the questioning, striving to learn the identity of his daughter's companion. It was no good. He gave up. But weary as he was, he lay awake that night for hours, his mind groping for a clue.

Any man might have a streak of brutality in him, Grimshaw reasoned, and hardship or fear might rub thin the veneer that concealed it. His thoughts centred at last on a thing which had happened one evening a week or so after his daughter's birthday. He saw himself in his tent at Hollandia, looking up from his typewriter as Nyssen, the pilot, approached the doorway.

"I've been looking over the supplies to be flown in to the plateau tomorrow morning," Nyssen said. "Some of the stuff isn't marked for weight. That's a short strip and a high one. I'd better know exactly what I'm carrying."

"Let me check with Valentine," Grimshaw said.

They went across the camp together to the tent occupied by Valentine and Hale. Having made his point, Nyssen did not press it—did not call Valentine negligent, as, with justification, he might have. He was an odd sort of man, Grimshaw thought. American-born, and apparently no more than a free-lance adventurer here in the South Pacific, he nevertheless had an impressive war record. He had fought in the air and in the jungle.

You'd never know it. A taciturn man, he opened his mouth only when forced to.

Valentine was not in the tent. Hale, seated in shirt-sleeves at the expedition's radio, informed them his tent-mate had gone up to the town. "He said he had to see a fellow about petrol."

When they found Valentine twenty minutes later he was not in the town, but by the road; not seeing about petrol, but discussing more personal things with Grimshaw's daughter.

Nyssen pushed forward, stated his complaint and stood waiting for a reply. To Grimshaw's surprise, Valentine had a temper. "Damn it, can't you tell when a man's busy?"

"Busy myself," Nyssen told him. "Got to square this away before I turn in tonight."

"It's not important! A few pounds of freight more or less——"

"Plus me," Nyssen said. "I'm going, too." He turned and walked back to the road. Presently, furious, Valentine followed. Grimshaw's daughter followed, too, but whether she also was angry, Grimshaw could not tell. She seemed to be amused. Perhaps it was a trick of the moonlight on her lips.

But there it was — that underlying vein of quick, fierce anger in the seemingly self-confident Valentine. Thinking about it now, Grimshaw said to Wasipa: "I don't like those reports. We must find my daughter quickly!"

Wasipa said glumly to Grimshaw: "In the rain forest below, it will be different. There your daughter and her man may be in grave danger, travelling alone."

"The man has a rifle," Grimshaw pointed out uneasily.

"One rifle is nothing. Especially if they walk at night."

Stumbling on, Grimshaw's thoughts raced round and round. The question of the man's identity had become an obsession with him. His thoughts were back in Hollandia again. There had been another incident—at the airfield, only a few days before the fatal flight.

Nyssen was a tired man that morning. Two weeks of ferrying supplies to the plateau had worn him down. This was the last load, a weird assortment of odds and ends, and he had been up half the night, fussing with it. And at the final moment Florence had driven furiously across the field in the expedition's jeep, to announce that she was bored with Hollandia and wanted to go along.

Hale was to be a passenger that trip, with his radio equipment. Looking like a schoolboy, beside the weary Nyssen, he caught Florence's hands and exclaimed delightedly, "Great idea! We'd love it!"

Nyssen said, "No," his gaze on the sky.

In the moment of silence that ensued, the girl looked at Nyssen in pure astonishment, and Hale, a frown displacing his grin, slowly lost his schoolboy attractiveness. "Why can't she go!" he demanded.

"She'd have to go back to camp for a chute, and I want to get there, unload, and be out in a hurry. We're going to have rain."

"Damn it, Nyssen, you act as if——" Abruptly Hale swung about. "Mr. Grimshaw, I've had enough of this fellow's arrogance. You talk to him!"

But Grimshaw had not interfered.

He remembered the incredulity on his daughter's face when he hesitated, and the disbelief, changing to anger, on the face of Hale.

Nyssen was the only one who displayed no emotion. He simply shrugged, said, "I'm sorry, Miss Grimshaw—some other time," and turned away.

GRIMSHAW felt the rain before daylight. It filled the darkness with a wild roaring and transformed the track to a quagmire. All morning it continued, and all afternoon the trees dripped and the mosquitoes were a singing mist. They passed no villages, deserted or otherwise. This was the primary forest, everlastingly dark and damp, at times choked with climbing bamboo and rattan, at times as open and mysterious as a great cathedral at night. Hour after hour Grimshaw and the Negritos plodded on, wet through and unhappy and for the most part silent.

His daughter had endured the same discomforts, Grimshaw realized. Worse, because she had struggled under a heavy pack which, by all the rules of the game, the man should have carried. He marvelled that she had been able to keep on so long without faltering. As his own suffering became acute, his bitterness towards the man increased.

Towards dark they reached the outskirts of

There was no light in the hut, but Grimshaw, peering, made out a limp figure against the wall

a village. "Bush people live here," said Wasipa, scowling. "Their headman, Mambat, has a heart full of treachery and is trusted by no one."

At the edge of the village they stopped to reconnoitre. Twin rows of thatch-roofed hovels flanked a refuse-filled street. Nothing moved. "It is too quiet," Wasipa warned.

Grimshaw knew the man spoke truth. At this hour, with day merging into night, there should be dogs and children running about while the women worked and the men wagged their tongues. Revolver in hand, he went ahead, halting when a misshapen black figure, weighted with rolls of fat, stepped from a nearby hut.

Wasipa, at Grimshaw's elbow, said softly: "He is the one. Mambat."

THEY waited, unmoving. From other doorways more silent men emerged, until the intruders were confronted by a watchful group of thirty or more. Then, gazing at the fat one, Grimshaw spoke.

"You are Mambat?" He used the Papuan tongue. His voice was not quite steady.

The headman nodded, his small eyes unblinking. Uneasily, Grimshaw questioned him.

Mambat prefaced his reply with a solemn head-wagging. "We have seen no one."

"That is not possible," Grimshaw retorted. "The man and woman came this way today."

"They were not here."

Grimshaw struggled with a feeling of helplessness. His gaze swept the half circle of sullen faces, the line of formidable black bodies, naked except for ornaments of bone and shell. He did not feel brave.

Beside him Wasipa said, "Wait," and took a step forward and raised his rifle. The fat belly of the headman was his target.

"Another lie and I pull the trigger," Wasipa threatened. "Where are the man and woman who came here?"

It was a bad moment. The fat one looked at the rifle, raised his head slowly and gazed not at Wasipa but at Grimshaw. A movement, like wind in tall grass, swept through the watching group. Grimshaw drew his revolver.

Mambat shrugged. "They were here. They are not here now." Ponderously, he squatted, resting his weight on his heels. "Before midday they came, the man carrying a rifle, the woman struggling under a pack. She sat and wept while the man spoke to me, demanding an escort."

"You gave them one?"

"It was not possible. I am a friend to all strangers—everyone knows that—but my people have had trouble lately with the river dwellers. I explained this. The man returned to his woman, telling her to follow him."

"Go on," Grimshaw said harshly.

Mambat looked up and shrugged again. "She refused. The man seemed to grow angry. In the end he turned from the woman and strode away. But before he had gone the length of a spear cast, he stumbled and fell and could not rise again. We carried him to a house, where the woman stayed with him a long while, talking. Then she left. We have not seen her since."

Grimshaw's lips were thin and dry. "And the man?"

"He recovered a short time later and went after her."

To Grimshaw's surprise, Wasipa thrust his rifle into the face of the squatting headman and said fiercely: "Mambat, you lie!"

The wind in the tall grass was louder, more ominous.

"Where are the women?" Wasipa demanded. "Where are the children? If all is peaceful here, why is your village occupied only by men?" The rifle muzzle kept Mambat on his heels. Without shifting his gaze from the fat one's sucked-in cheeks, Wasipa spoke to Grimshaw.. "When there are no women in a village at nightfall, it is because the men plan mischief. You should make sure before we go."

Grimshaw hesitated, alarmed by the twitching of the fat Papuan's mouth muscles and the muttering, like a humming of insects, among the villagers. Then, realizing the wisdom of Wasipa's advice, he nodded grimly and strode forward. He went to the farthest hut first.

IT was empty. But in the doorway of the second, he paused. There was no light under the thick thatch roof, but his eyes, accustomed to jungle twilight all day, made out a seated khaki-clad shape leaning limply against the rear wall.

The eyes opened and the lolling head came up with a jerk. Barely in time, Grimshaw threw himself backward. The open pocket knife in the man's flailing fist only just missed his chest. At the same instant he saw the fellow's face.

"Nyssen!"

The effort with the knife must have been a last feeble defiance for which the pilot had been hoarding his strength. The knife fell to the ground. His hands convulsively clutching his stomach, face shining with sweat, he fell back against the wall. A moment passed before his eyes came open again. Then he shook his head as if to clear a mist from his mind and returned Grimshaw's stare.

"Grimshaw? Sorry. I thought you were Mambat's executioner." With an effort that brought new pain to his face, he managed to grasp Grimshaw's wrist. "Have you found Florence? She left here at noon."

Grimshaw caught and held the hot fingers, confused by the conflict raging within him. He should have realized from the start that the pilot could not be counted out simply because of the shoe prints. Any man wearing plimsolls would have swapped them, with days of walking ahead.

Nyssen was hurt. Natives along the track might have seen no injury, but the pain in that face was deep and old, dating back without question to the day of the plane crash. This man had abused Florence? No! He had driven her on for her own sake, all but killing himself in the process. For days he must have endured agony while trudging through mountains and jungle, everlastingly forcing the pace, refusing to rest, so that when he could go no farther she might be close enough to the end of her journey to finish it on her own.

Grimshaw knelt at the pilot's side. "We've got to get you out of here! Can you walk?"

"I can't even get on my feet. Something's come loose inside. Hurt myself—in the plane."

"We'll make a litter then." Abruptly Grimshaw wheeled to the doorway.

He did not like what he saw when he looked out. Wasipa's rifle still held the villagers at bay, but the situation was a smouldering fire which might be blown into flame at any moment by a nervous word or gesture. Grimshaw motioned one of the Negritos to him and spoke without raising his voice. Then he returned to the pilot's side.

"I told Florence I'd be all right here until she reached the mission at the river mouth and could send someone back for me." Nyssen touched Grimshaw's arm, as if to console him. "She wouldn't have gone, otherwise."

"I'm surprised they let her go."

"She had the rifle. It was daylight. Night's the time they get ideas."

GRIMSHAW turned as two of the Negritos entered the hut, bearing a palm-leaf sleeping mat lashed to poles. He hovered over them as they lifted Nyssen on to it. Then he stepped to the entrance to make sure the way was clear.

A movement across the way caught his eye. Every face in the village was turning in the same direction.

Strange spectacle! Had it been staged expressly to stay the hands of Mambat's people, it could not have been more effective. The approaching apparition advanced like a sleepwalker, as if she had long since spent the last of her strength and now was dependent on will alone. In one hand she clutched a rifle, in the other a blazing knob of wood to light her way.

"Florence!" Grimshaw exclaimed.

"I didn't think you'd find us," she said without animation. She let the torch fall and went past him, as if she could not help herself. She halted again beside the litter, where she reached for Nyssen's hand and gazed steadily, accusingly, into his face.

"Why didn't you tell me what would happen to you?" she said then. "I didn't learn until I reached the next village."

Nyssen, trembling, raised himself up on his elbows. "You came back alone?"

"No; but they wouldn't come all the way with me. They're waiting outside the village."

Nyssen held her with his eyes, saying nothing. Grimshaw hesitated, then stepped forward. Her appearance had upset whatever scheme was in the minds of Mambat's people. "We'd better go," he said. "Go now."

He himself led the way. The litter followed, with Florence walking at Nyssen's side. Wasipa and the Negritos brought up the rear, Wasipa shuffling backwards, rifle ready, until the jungle closed in behind. Only then did Grimshaw draw a steady breath.

He turned to speak—and was silent. He saw his daughter bending over the litter, and watched as Nyssen's arms came up to her. The darkness hid her face from him, but her response to the pilot's gesture was immediate and complete. Grimshaw lit a cigarette. He had no wish to interfere. *At last*, he thought, and was content. THE END

Cambridge Union president Jack Ashley in the chair during an uproarious debate. Procedure follows strictly the customs of the House of Commons

Inside the undergrads' parliament

by KEITH ELLIS

It all began in the back room of a pub. Now, from Churchill and Attlee downwards, everyone is glad to be asked to speak there

In tradition-defying lounge suit, Jack Ashley talks to the Oxford president, Jeremy Thorpe

TWENTY-EIGHT YEAR OLD Jack Ashley, this term's president of the Cambridge Union, was faced with a motion more than usually controversial when he took the chair for his first debate. The brown-and-green leather benches of the debating chamber were packed. Sitting, sprawling, kneeling undergraduates crammed every inch of the gangway and overflowed the base of the president's dais. In the wooden gallery latecomers stood two deep round the door.

At half past eight, Ashley led the guests, the Reverend Donald O. Soper and Brigadier Selwyn Lloyd, M.P., to the front benches. The speakers proposing and opposing the motion took their places by the dispatch box. Ashley pinged the president's bell. "The motion before the House," he announced, "is 'That this House prefers subjection to Communism rather than the consequences of a third world war.'"

To everyone's surprise, the debate was quiet. The motion was defeated by 342 votes to 244, but the minority was larger than expected. The only serious interruption was when a member sitting right under the dais caused a commotion trying to leave. Ashley rang for silence. "I would remind the honourable member that he is out of order in leaving the chamber during a speech. Would he please mind sitting down?"

"I'm afraid that's impossible, Mr. President," said the culprit. "I'm going to be sick." The House roared. The point was later sledge-hammered home by Selwyn Lloyd, himself an ex-president. "The honourable gentleman may console himself with the knowledge that it is not the first time the proposer of a motion in this House has made someone feel sick." There was no further incident. Ashley had successfully run the first gauntlet of his presidency.

A third-year economics student with blue eyes, full lips and a boyish smile, he had succeeded to an office held at various times by Lord Keynes, the Hon. Mr. Justice Birkett, Philip Noel-Baker, R. A. Butler, Geoffrey de Freitas, D. R. Hardman, Gilbert Harding, Geoffrey Crowther and Lionel Gamlin. The Union is the first undergraduate society in Cambridge. More than 3,000 of the 7,000-odd students are members. Scattered throughout the country are 14,000 life members, among them the King and the Duke of Gloucester. Honorary members include the Emperor of Abyssinia and Lords Mountbatten, Alexander, Cunningham and Tedder. Prince Philip has accepted a similar invitation.

It's All Run By Students

The Union is primarily a men's club. It has a dining-room, bar, squash courts and lounge. It has a library of 45,000 books and a reading-room in which 130 newspapers and periodicals are regularly placed. There is a permanent paid staff of twenty. The entrance fee is one guinea and membership a guinea a term. Life membership is conferred automatically after nine terms' subscriptions. Alternatively, it can be bought outright for £7 17s. 6d. Except that the laws of the university require the funds to be administered by a don, the organization of the Union is entirely in the hands of undergraduates.

To the public, however, the Union is best known by its debates, which take place every Tuesday evening in term. Three have been broadcast since the war, and two televised. Among the famous men and women who have accepted invitations to speak are Churchill, Attlee, Lloyd George, Baldwin, Maxton, Pollitt, Mosley, G. K. Chesterton, Conan Doyle, Eden, Baden-Powell, J. B. Priestley, Lady Violet Bonham-Carter, Dean Inge, Jimmy Edwards and Gillie Potter.

Debates are held on any subject "not strictly theological." Nearly every term there is a "no confidence" motion in the government of the day. Others have been: "That this House is bored with the Scots," "That this House prefers the cap and bells to the cap and gown" (supported by Jimmy Edwards), "That the law is an ass" (supported by Gillie Potter), "That it is high time Oxford won the Boat Race" (in 1939), "That society is better analysed by Groucho than by Karl Marx," "That the time has come to stop chasing and killing stags, foxes, otters and hares for the fun of it" (defeated), and "That this House is devoted to useless knowledge" (carried).

Perhaps the most ill-timed of any motion to be tabled was "That this House welcomes the approaching end of Western civilization" in May, 1940. However, the debate was cancelled at the last moment.

It is a mark of the changing social structure of the university that the Union chose Jack Ashley for its president. Born in the mean streets of Widnes, he left school at fourteen, worked in various jobs from navvying to coal-heaving, and finally settled down as a furnaceman in the non-ferrous metal industry. At twenty-two he was on the national executive committee of the Chemical Workers' Union, the youngest trade union executive in Britain. At the same age

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he became one of the youngest borough councillors. Four years later, by way of a scholarship to Ruskin College, Oxford, he won an extramural scholarship to Caius College, Cambridge.

With such a background, it is not surprising that Ashley stands out from the usual run of presidents. For instance, his predecessors have worn white tie and tails at debates. Ashley insists on a lounge suit. "I'm not against wearing evening dress," he says. "I just can't afford it." Except for a single anonymous attack by a political opponent in an undergraduate newspaper ("a gratuitous insult to the dignity of the office") the Union has respected his views.

Since joining the Union, Ashley has supported two campaigns. The first—to guarantee the servants a minimum wage of five guineas a week—was wholly successful. When he tried to get women admitted to the society as debating members he failed like many before him.

Girton Girl Pickets

On the whole, women undergraduates do not wish to join. Just over a year ago eight Girton girls, carrying placards announcing "We want to debate" and "Give us our rights," picketed the Union while the necessary amendment to the constitution was being discussed inside. Although it was carried by one vote, a three-quarters majority was necessary and the motion was void. Since then, there have been no more demonstrations. Women gained a slight advance in 1945 when it was decided that "ladies of distinction" should speak as guests not more than once a term.

Ashley's career has been typical of the successful Union politician. In his first term he spoke once in support of the motion, "That this House would welcome the reunification of Ireland." On the strength of this he was given a paper speech (a set opening speech) in his second term. Next term he became chairman of the Labour Club and was elected to the Union committee.

The following term, the president gave him a speech in the first debate of the year. Supported by James Griffiths, M.P., he opposed the motion "That this House has no confidence in His Majesty's Government." At the elections, he topped the poll of thirty-odd candidates for committee, and became senior committee member. The term after that, he was elected secretary with a majority of twenty over his opponent. He took the vice-presidency a term later with a majority of ninety, and in December, 1950, was returned unopposed as president for a term which ends this weekend.

As he says: "A man's got to work hard to keep pace with his studies and perform the duties of president." In the Union, the president is ultimately responsible for everything that happens. He has to prepare the agenda for committee meetings and consider motions for private business meetings. The chief clerk, S. A. Elwood, helps him to deal with a large correspondence.

Proctors Banned Debates

Founded as a combination of three other debating societies, the Union held its first debate in 1815 in a "low, ill-ventilated, ill-lit apartment at the back of the Red Lion Inn." Debates were held weekly until one evening in 1817, when the proctors intervened. The vice-chancellor had complained that "debates interfered with study." In 1821, the ban was revoked, but political events since 1800 were not to be discussed. By adding the words "fifty years ago" to every motion, the Union soon brought this rule into ridicule and eventually disuse.

Refusals to speak in debates are almost unknown. As Ashley says, "people like to be asked here." One of the few exceptions was when Sir Basil Brooke, Prime Minister of Northern Ireland, declined in 1948 to oppose Eamon de Valera on the motion "That this House would welcome the reunification of Ireland." Feeling was running high. For days before, Cambridge was flooded with pamphlets. Sir Basil explained in the Northern Ireland Parliament why he had refused: "The Northern Ireland Constitution is not a subject for debate at Cambridge or any other union." He need not have worried. The motion was defeated 524-236.

Throughout its history, there has been a tendency for the Union to be "agin the government." Before the war and for a short time after, there was a small Socialist majority. Since 1946, however, the Union has been predominantly Conservative. Offices and committeeships are prizes highly valued by both political clubs and individuals. For individuals, vote-getting is usually concentrated on sherry parties to which all friends and doubtfuls are asked. One hopeful spent £90 like this. He polled ninety votes. After that, he was called "Pound-a-vote."

Sherry For The Guests

One of Ashley's jobs as president was to choose the motions for debate. "Although bound by the constitution to consider suggestions submitted by members, I know of no president who has chosen a motion in this way." The president also chooses the guests. When they arrive he entertains them to sherry and afterwards to dinner in the society's dining-room.

Debating procedure is based on that of the House of Commons and is followed to the letter. In November, 1946, a huge House, perhaps the biggest ever, arrived to hear Lord Mountbatten and Gillie Potter ("Oxford's oldest undergraduate") debate the motion "That this House would like to go back to Methuselah." Before the debate began, Mountbatten was made an honorary member of the society. In return, he presented the society with a Japanese sword "to cut the speeches short." But debates still go on till midnight. THE END

Our new Civil Defence

HOW well-prepared are Britain's towns and villages to meet air attack—should it come again? To find the answer, Harry Hopkins toured the Civil Defence schools where wardens, nurses, firefighters and policemen are being trained for the hazards that face us in this atomic age. His revealing and important report will begin in . . .

JOHN BULL NEXT WEEK

THEY CAME TO BAGHDAD

The truth was out. Victoria, who had played so many parts, knew that only one rôle could save her now

by AGATHA CHRISTIE

VICTORIA JONES HAD COME half-way round the world after the young man of her dreams—but now she knew that she had been chasing an illusion. Edward Goring, the charming but not noticeably brainy young man who had swept her off her feet at their first meeting, had given himself away. . . .

It was such a little thing that had exposed him, it seemed hardly real—but nothing that had happened to Victoria in the past few weeks seemed real. She had flown to Baghdad; a Secret Service man had died in her bedroom; she herself had become a secret agent of sorts, working for Dakin, head of British Intelligence in Baghdad. They were up against a ruthless undercover group which was out to wreck the forthcoming Big Power Conference in Baghdad and, eventually, dominate the world. Dakin was expecting Anna Scheele, a secretary whose encyclopaedic brain had memorized the secrets of the group. But so far Anna Scheele had not arrived.

As if all this was not adventure enough, Victoria had plunged deeper and deeper: having her hair shampooed at a hairdresser's, she had been chloroformed, abducted—and had woken up with her dark hair dyed platinum blonde. She had escaped, fled into the desert, and spent a week at an archaeological camp. There she had met Richard Baker, a thoughtful young archaeologist. At any other time Victoria might have fallen for Richard, but her main interest was in Edward.

For Edward, she had lied her way into her travelling companion's job to get to Baghdad. She had told Mrs. Clipp, her employer, that she was the niece of the Bishop of Llangow. Victoria—a girl whose imagination habitually outstripped prosaic reality—was rather proud of the bishop, a spur-of-the-moment inspiration. Edward, too, was tickled at the invention . . . and Victoria was puzzled. There was something she had meant to ask Edward about that, but it had always eluded her memory.

Now, after leaving the archaeological camp, and returning to Baghdad, she was talking with Edward in a secluded spot on the outskirts of the city—and she remembered what it was. The bishop! How on earth had Edward known about the bishop? She had told no one about him—except Mrs. Clipp. Yet Edward had known.

Victoria looked at him. "How did you know about the bishop?" she asked.

The question took Edward completely by surprise. For a moment, his face was unmasked, and in that instant Victoria saw the truth.

FINAL INSTALMENT

The Real Edward

As Victoria looked at Edward, everything shifted and settled itself into a pattern, like a kaleidoscope. Edward had not learned about the Bishop of Llangow from her, and the only other persons he could have learned it from would have been Mr. or Mrs. Clipp. But they could not possibly have seen Edward since her arrival in Baghdad, for Edward had been in Basra then, so he must have learned it from them *before* he left England. He must have known all along, then, that Victoria was coming

Victoria, watching fearfully as Catherine allowed herself to be trussed up, knew there was no escape

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These three Bush portables have become a welcome part of many homes. I'm not surprised, for they have all given me great satisfaction. As a result of their success, production costs have fallen, and the benefit is being passed on to you and me in the form of reduced prices. Such a reduction in the cost of good listening is a wonderfully reassuring example of what is possible at this time of soaring prices.

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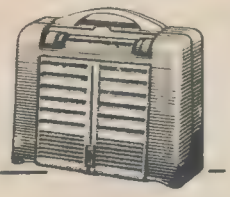

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It really does open with a twist

CB/X3/1

out with them. The whole wonderful coincidence was not, after all, a coincidence. . . . It was planned and intended.

And as she stared at Edward's unmasked face, she knew, suddenly, what Carmichael had meant by Lucifer. Thank God she had not told Edward about the scarf, or her discovery that it contained a vital message from Carmichael. It was safe at the Tio Hotel now, stuffed among some clothes in a suitcase. The message Carmichael had gasped out before he had died in her bed at the Tio made sense now. She knew what he had seen that day in Basra, as he looked along the passage to the consulate garden. He had seen that young, handsome face that she was looking at now.

Lucifer, Son of the Morning, how art thou fallen?

Not Dr. Rathbone — *Edward*! Edward, playing a minor part, the part of the secretary, but controlling and planning and directing, using Rathbone as a figurehead — and Rathbone warning her to go while she could.

EXTRAORDINARY—wasn't it?—how much could flash through your mind in a few seconds. You didn't have to think it out. It just came. Full and instant knowledge. Perhaps because really, underneath, you'd known it all along. At the same time some instinct of self-preservation, quick as all Victoria's mental processes, kept her face in an expression of foolish, unthinking wonder. For she knew, instinctively, that she was in great danger. There was only one thing that could save her, only one card she could play. She made haste to play it.

"You knew all along!" she said. "You knew I was coming out here. You must have arranged it. Oh, Edward, you are *wonderful*!"

Her face, that plastic, impressionable face, showed one emotion only—an almost cloying adoration. And she saw the response—the faintly scornful smile, the relief. She could almost feel Edward saying to himself: The little fool! She'll swallow anything! I can do what I like with her.

"But how did you arrange it?" she said. "You must be very powerful. You must be quite different from what you pretend to be. You're —it's like what you said the other day—you're a king in Babylon."

She saw the pride that lit up his face. She saw the power and strength and beauty and cruelty that had been disguised behind the façade of a modest, likeable young man. She said quickly and anxiously, as a final artistic touch: "But you *do* love me, don't you?"

His scorn was hardly to be hidden now. "Of course I love you," he said.

"But what is it all *about*? Tell me, Edward? Make me understand."

"It's a new world, Victoria. A new world that will rise out of the muck and ashes of the old."

"Tell me."

He told her, and, in spite of herself, she was almost carried away, carried into the dream. The old, bad things must destroy each other. The fat old men grasping at their profits, impeding progress, and the bigoted, stupid Communists, trying to establish their Marxian heaven. There must be total war, total destruction. And then—the new heaven and the new earth. The small chosen band of higher beings, the scientists, the agricultural experts, the administrators, the young men like Edward, the young Siegfrieds of the brave new world. All young, all believing in their destiny as supermen. When destruction had run its course, *they* would step in and take over.

It was madness, but the sort of thing that, in a world shattered and disintegrating, could happen.

Carefully, feeling her way, for she knew that death might be very near, she said: "You *are* wonderful, Edward. But what about *me*? What can *I* do?"

"You want to help? You believe in it?"

But she was prudent. Not sudden conversion. That would be too much. "I think I just believe in *you*!" she said. "Anything *you* tell me to do, Edward, I'll do."

"Good girl," he said.

"Why did you arrange for me to come out here to begin with? There must have been some reason."

"Of course there was. Do you remember I took a snap of you that day? I'd been struck by your resemblance to a woman who's been causing us a good deal of trouble—Anna Scheele."

"Anna Scheele?" Victoria stared at him in blank surprise. "You mean—she looks like *me*?"

"Quite remarkably so, side view. The features in profile are almost exactly the same. And there's one most extraordinary thing: you've got a tiny mark, a scar on your upper lip, left side. Anna Scheele has a mark in just the same place. That was a most valuable point. You're alike in height and build, she's about four or five years older than you. The real difference is the hair; you're a brunette and she's a blonde."

"And that's why you wanted me to come to Baghdad? Because I looked like her?"

"Yes, I thought the resemblance might come in useful."

"So you arranged the whole thing. The Clipps—who are the Clipps?"

"They're not important, they just do as they're told."

SOMETHING in Edward's tone sent a faint shiver down Victoria's spine. Edward, she thought, is his own god. *That's* what's so frightening. Aloud she said: "You told me that Anna Scheele was the boss, the Queen Bee, in *your* show."

"I had to tell you something to put you off the scent. You had already learned too much."

"Who is she really?"

"She's confidential secretary to Otto Morganthal, the American and international banker. But that isn't all she is. She has the most remarkable financial brain. We've reason to believe she's traced out a lot of our

THE HUMAN MACHINE

Only partly true

IT can be a queer thing, a point of view. I think someone is kind and generous: you dismiss him as "soft." We're both sure we're right, so argument's useless.

Being personal and one-sided, a point of view tends to distort the truth. You and I may both be *partly* right—if we are aware of all the facts.

"Truth has many facets," said the late Earl Baldwin. If people realized that, there would be fewer quarrels.

by ROFFE THOMPSON

[Every Trade Advertisement Guaranteed]

"Why you should get tired of listening, I'm sure I don't know. I'm not tired of talking"

financial operations. She's due in Baghdad in three days' time. In the meantime, she's disappeared."

"Disappeared? Where?"

"In London. Vanished, apparently, off the face of the earth."

"And does no one know where she is?"

"Dakin may know."

But Dakin didn't know. Victoria knew that, though Edward didn't. So where *was* Anna Scheele? She asked: "You haven't the least idea?"

"We've an idea," said Edward, slowly.

"Well?"

"It's vital that Anna Scheele should be here in Baghdad for the conference. That, as you know, is in five days' time."

"As soon as that? I'd no idea."

"We've got every entry into this country taped. She's certainly not coming here under her own name. And she's not coming in on an official service plane. We've our own means of checking that. So we've investigated all the private bookings. There's a passage booked by B.O.A.C. in the name of Grete Harden. We've traced Grete Harden back and there's no such person. It's an assumed name. The address given is a phoney one. It's our idea that Grete Harden is Anna Scheele. Her plane will touch down at Damascus the day after tomorrow."

"And then?"

Edward's eyes looked suddenly into hers. "That's up to you, Victoria. You'll take her place."

"I—I—oh, but Edward, I couldn't do it. I'd be found out. I can't do an American voice."

"Anna Scheele has practically no accent. In any case you will be suffering from laryngitis. One of the best doctors in this part of the world will say so."

"What would I have to do?" she asked.

"Fly from Damascus to Baghdad as Grete Harden. Take to your bed immediately. Be allowed up by our reputable doctor just in time to go to the conference. There you will lay before them the documents which you have brought with you."

"The real documents?"

"Of course not. We shall substitute our version."

"What will the documents show?"

Edward smiled. "Convincing details of the most stupendous Communist plot in America."

Victoria said, slowly: "Do you really think I can get away with it, Edward?" Now that she was playing a part, it was quite easy for her to ask it with every appearance of anxious sincerity.

"I'm sure you can. I've noticed that your playing of a part affords you such enjoyment that it's practically impossible to disbelieve you." Edward got up. "Time to be moving," he said. "We've got to get you to Damascus and our plans there worked out by the day after tomorrow."

VICTORIA rose with alacrity. Once she was back in Baghdad, with its crowds, in the Tio Hotel with Marcus shouting and beaming and offering her a drink, the near, persistent menace of Edward would be removed. Her part was to play a double game — continue to fool Edward by a sickly, doglike devotion, and counter his plans secretly.

She said: "You think that Mr. Dakin knows where Anna Scheele is? Perhaps I could find that out. He might drop some hint."

"Unlikely—and in any case, you won't be seeing Dakin. Our plans are made. You won't be seen in Baghdad again."

"But Edward, all my things are at the Tio! I've booked a room."

The scarf. The precious scarf.

"You won't need your things for some time to come. I've got a rig-out waiting for you. Come on."

They got in the car again. Victoria thought: I ought to have known that Edward would never be such a fool as to let me get in touch with Mr. Dakin after I'd found him out. She sat silent as they bumped over the rough track and into the suburbs of Baghdad.

Edward turned off down a side street of modern villas built in a pseudo-European style, with balconies and gardens round them. In front of one house a big touring car was standing. Edward drew up behind it, and he and Victoria got out and went up the steps to the front door.

A thin, dark woman came out to meet them and Edward spoke to her rapidly in French. The woman turned to Victoria and said politely: "Come with me, please."

She led Victoria into a bedroom where, spread out on a bed, was the habit of a nun. The woman motioned to her, and Victoria undressed and put on the stiff wool

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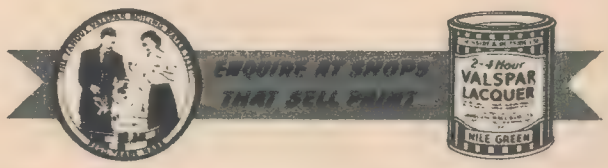

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undergarment and the voluminous medieval folds of dark stuff. The Frenchwoman adjusted the headdress. Victoria caught a glimpse of herself in the glass. Her small, pale face under the gigantic wimple (wasn't that what you called it?), with the white folds under her chin, looked strangely pure and unearthly. The Frenchwoman threw a rosary of wooden beads over her head. Then, shuffling in the overlarge, coarse shoes, Victoria was led out to rejoin Edward.

"You look all right," he said. "Keep your eyes down, particularly when there are men about."

The Frenchwoman rejoined them a moment or two later, similarly apparelled. The two nuns went out of the house and got into the touring car, which now had a tall, dark man in European dress in the driver's seat.

"It's up to you now, Victoria," said Edward. "Do exactly as you are told." There was a slight, steely menace behind the words.

"Aren't you coming, Edward?" Victoria sounded plaintive.

He smiled at her. "You'll see me in three days' time," he said. And then, with a resumption of his persuasive manner, he murmured: "Don't fail me, darling—only you could do this. I love you, Victoria. I daren't be seen kissing a nun—but I'd like to."

Victoria dropped her eyes in approved, nun-like fashion, but actually to conceal the fury that showed for a moment. Horrible Judas, she thought. Instead, she said with an assumption of her usual manner: "Well, I seem to be a Christian slave all right."

"That's the girl!" said Edward. "Don't worry. Your papers are in perfect order—you'll have no difficulty at the Syrian frontier. Your name, by the way, is Sister Marie des Anges. Sister Thérèse, who accompanies you, has all the documents and is in full charge, and for God's sake obey orders—or, I warn you frankly, you're for it." He stepped back, waved his hand cheerfully, and the touring car started off.

Victoria leaned back against the upholstery and gave herself up to contemplation of possible alternatives. She could make an agitation, scream for help as they were passing through Baghdad, or, when they got to the frontier control, explain that she was being carried off against her will—in fact, adopt one or other variants of immediate protest. What would that accomplish? In all probability it would mean the end of Victoria Jones.

No, her best plan was to go through with it, to go to Baghdad as Anna Scheele and to play Anna Scheele's part. When she was standing with her forged documents before the conference, Edward would not be there. And no one could stop her then from saying: "I am not Anna Scheele and these papers are forged and untrue." She wondered that Edward did not fear her doing just that. But she reflected that vanity was a strangely blinding quality.

The car sped across the bridge. Victoria watched the Tigris with a nostalgic longing. Then they were speeding along a wide, dusty highway. Victoria let the beads of her rosary pass through her fingers. Their click was comforting.

THE big Skymaster swooped down on Damascus and made a perfect landing. It taxied gently along the runway and presently came to a stop at the appointed place. The passengers were invited to descend. Those going on to Basra were separated from those who were catching a connecting plane to Baghdad. Of the latter there were four. A prosperous looking Iraqi business man, a young English doctor and two women. They all passed through the various controls and questioning.

A woman with untidy hair, imperfectly bound in a scarf, and a tired face came first.

Mrs. Pauncefoot Jones? British? To join your husband? Your address in Baghdad, please? What money have you? . . .

It went on. Then the second woman took the first one's place.

Grete Harden?—Yes. Nationality?—Danish. From London? Purpose of visit?—Masseuse at hospital. Address in Baghdad? What money have you?

Grete Harden was a thin, fair-haired young woman wearing dark glasses. She wore neat but slightly shabby clothes. Her French was halting; occasionally she had to have the question repeated.

Then the four passengers were told that the Baghdad plane took off that afternoon. They would be driven now to the Abbassid Hotel for a rest and lunch.

GRETE HARDEN was sitting on her bed when a tap came on the door. She opened it and found a tall, dark young woman wearing B.O.A.C. uniform.

"I'm so sorry, Miss Harden. Would you come with me to the B.O.A.C. office? A little difficulty has arisen about your ticket. This way, please."

Grete Harden followed her guide down the passage. On a door was a large board lettered in gold, "B.O.A.C. Office." The air hostess opened the door and motioned the other inside. Then, as Grete Harden passed through, she closed the door from outside and quickly unhooked the board.

As Grete Harden came through the door, two men who had been standing behind it passed a cloth over her head. They stuffed a gag into her mouth. One of them rolled her sleeve up, and, bringing out a hypodermic syringe, gave her an injection. In a few minutes, her body sagged and went limp.

The young doctor said, cheerfully, "That ought to take care of her for about six hours, anyway. Now then, you two, get on with it."

He nodded towards the two other occupants of the room. They were nuns who were sitting immobile by the window. The men went out of the room. The elder of the two nuns went to Grete Harden and began to take the clothes off her inert body. The younger nun, trembling a little, started taking off her habit. Presently, Grete Harden, dressed in a nun's habit, lay reposefully on the bed. The younger nun was now dressed in Grete Harden's clothes.

The older nun turned her attention to her companion's flaxen hair. Looking at a photograph which she propped up against the mirror, she combed and dressed the hair, bringing it back from the forehead and coiling it low on the neck. She stepped back and said in French: "Astonishing how it changes you. Put on the dark spectacles. Your eyes are too deep a blue. Yes—that is admirable."

There was a slight tap on the door and the two men came in again. They were grinning. "Grete Harden is Anna Scheele all right," one said. "She's got the papers in her luggage, carefully camouflaged between the leaves of a Danish publication on

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hospital massage. Now then, Miss Harden," he bowed with mock ceremony to Victoria, "you will do me the honour to have lunch with me."

Victoria followed him out of the room and along to the hall. The other woman passenger was trying to send off a telegram at the desk. "No," she was saying, "P-A-U-N-C-E-foot. Dr. Pauncefoot Jones. Arriving today Tio Hotel. Good journey. . . ."

Victoria looked at her with sudden interest. This must be Dr. Pauncefoot Jones's wife, coming out to join him. If only she could somehow or other send a message through Mrs. Pauncefoot Jones to Richard Baker. . . .

Almost as though he read her thoughts, the man accompanying her steered her by the elbow away from the desk and into the dining-room.

The Baghdad plane left at three o'clock. Mrs. Pauncefoot Jones's seat was right up in front. Victoria's was in the tail, near the door, and across the aisle sat the fair young man who was her jailer.

The flight was not a long one. For the second time, Victoria looked down from the air and saw the city. In two days' time, Stalin and the U.S. President would meet here to discuss the future. And she, Victoria Jones, would have a part to play.

RICHARD BAKER said: "You know, I'm getting worried about that girl."

"What girl?"

"Victoria."

"Victoria?" Dr. Pauncefoot Jones peered about. "Where is—why, God bless me, we came back without her yesterday."

"I can't understand it," said Richard Baker, frowning. "She went off in a car with a young man, it seems, and she didn't come back. What's more, her baggage was there, and she hadn't bothered to open it. That seems to me very strange—considering the mess that she was in. And we agreed to meet for lunch. . . . Would you mind awfully, sir, if I went in to Baghdad again tomorrow? I'm worried about that girl. I really am."

"Dear me, Richard, I had no idea you'd formed an attachment."

"There's nothing of that kind," said Richard, blushing and looking even more supercilious than usual. "I'm just—er—worried about her."

Richard started into Baghdad at early dawn and went straight to the Tio Hotel. Here, he learned from Marcus that Victoria had not returned. After a little inquiry, Richard tracked down Mr. Dakin and called on him in his office. He apologized to Mr. Dakin if he was wasting his time, but had he seen Miss Victoria Jones?

"She called on me the day before yesterday," Dakin said. "She's at the Tio Hotel, I believe."

"Her luggage is there, but she isn't."

Dakin raised his eyebrows slightly and looked at his visitor carefully.

"She has been working with us on the excavations at Tel Aswad," explained Richard.

"Oh, I see. Well, I'm afraid I don't know anything that can help you."

Richard said: "Look here. I'm not leaving Baghdad until I find her." He frowned angrily at Mr. Dakin and strode out of the room.

Fuming into the Tio Hotel, Richard was met by a beaming Marcus.

"She's come back?" cried Richard eagerly.

"No, no, it is Mrs. Pauncefoot Jones. She has just arrived by plane. Dr. Pauncefoot Jones, he told me she was coming next week."

"He always gets dates wrong. What about Victoria Jones?"

Marcus's face went grave again. "No, I have heard nothing of her. And I do not like it, Mr. Baker. It is not nice. She is so young a girl. And so pretty. And so gay and charming."

"Yes, yes," said Richard, flinching. "I'd better go up and see Mrs. Pauncefoot Jones. What's her number?"

"She is in nineteen."

With a heavy tread, Richard went up the stairs.

WHEN she was ushered up to her room in the Babylonian Palace Hotel, the first person Victoria saw was Catherine.

"You!" she said with undisguised hostility.

Catherine nodded her head with equal venom. "Yes," she said. "It is I. And now please go to bed. The doctor will soon arrive."

Catherine was dressed as a hospital nurse and she took her duties seriously, being obviously quite determined never to leave Victoria's side. Victoria, lying disconsolately in bed, murmured: "If I could get hold of Edward——"

"Edward—Edward!" said Catherine scornfully. "Edward has never cared for you, you stupid English girl. It is *me* whom Edward loves!"

Searching about for an irritant, Victoria said: "At any rate I'm much more indispensable than you are. *Anybody* could do your hospital nurse act. But the whole thing depends on me doing mine."

Catherine said with supreme smugness: "Nobody is indispensable. We are taught that."

"Well, *I* am. For goodness' sake order up a substantial meal. If I don't get something to eat, how do you expect me to give a good performance of an American banker's secretary when the time comes?"

"I suppose you might as well eat

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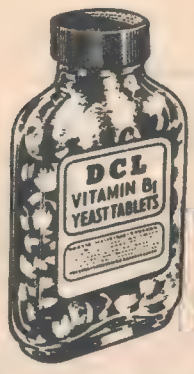

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while you can," said Catherine grudgingly.

Victoria took no notice of the sinister implication.

A few hours later, she was regarding herself in a mirror. She was wearing a well-cut tailored suit. Every blonde hair was in place. She felt nervous but exhilarated. As she turned from the mirror, she caught the exultant gleam in Catherine's eye, and was suddenly on her guard. Why was Catherine exultant? What was going on?

"What are you so pleased about?" she asked.

"Soon you will see." The malice was quite unconcealed now. "You think you are so clever," said Catherine scornfully. "You think everything depends on you. Pah, you are just a fool."

A KNOCK came on the door. A knock twice repeated and then, after a pause, a single one.

"Now you will see!" cried Catherine.

The door opened and a man slipped in. He was a tall man, dressed in the uniform of the International Police. He locked the door behind him and removed the key. Then he advanced to Catherine.

"Quickly," he said. He took a length of thin cord from his pocket and, with her full co-operation, bound Catherine swiftly to a chair. Then he produced a scarf and tied it over her mouth. He stood back and nodded appreciatively. "So—that will do nicely."

Then he turned towards Victoria. She saw the heavy truncheon he was brandishing, and in a moment it flashed across her brain what the real plan was. They had never intended that she should play the part of Anna Scheele at the conference. How could they risk such a thing? Victoria was too well known in Baghdad. No, the plan was, had always been, that she, as Anna Scheele, should be attacked and killed at the last moment—killed in such a way that her features would not be too recognizable. . . . Catherine, who would be found next to her, bound and gagged, would not be suspected. And the papers, those carefully forged papers, would remain.

Victoria turned away to the window. She screamed. And with a smile the man came at her. . . .

Then several things happened. There was a crash of broken glass, a heavy hand sent her headlong down, she saw stars—and blackness. Then out of the blackness a voice spoke, a reassuring English voice.

"Are you all right, Miss?"

Victoria murmured something.

"What did she say?" asked a second voice.

The first man scratched his head. "Said it was better to serve in heaven than reign in hell."

"That's a quotation," said the other. "But she's got it wrong," he added.

"No, I haven't," said Victoria, and fainted. . . .

In Dakin's room, the telephone rang. Dakin picked up the receiver. A voice said: "Operation Victoria successfully concluded."

"Good."

"We've got Catherine Serakis and the medico. The other fellow threw himself off the balcony. He's fatally injured."

"The girl's not hurt?"

"She fainted—but she's O.K."

"No news still of the real A.S.?"

"No news whatever."

As Dakin gently laid down the receiver, a messenger came in with a piece of paper on which was written the names of Mr. Richard Baker and Mrs. Pauncefoot Jones.

"I can't see anybody now," he said. "Tell them I am very sorry. I am engaged."

The messenger withdrew, but presently returned. He handed Dakin a note. Dakin tore open the envelope and read: "I want to see you about Henry Carmichael. R.B."

"Show him in," said Dakin.

Presently, Richard Baker and Mrs. Pauncefoot Jones came in. Richard Baker said: "I don't want to take up your time, but I was at school with a man called Henry Carmichael. We lost sight of each other for many years, but when I was at Basra a few weeks ago I encountered him in the consulate waiting-room. He was dressed as an Arab, and without giving any overt sign of recognition, he managed to communicate with me. Does this interest you?"

"It interests me very much," said Dakin.

"I formed the idea that Carmichael believed himself to be in danger. This was very soon verified. He was attacked by a man with a revolver which I managed to knock up. Carmichael took to his heels, but before he went he slipped something into my pocket which I found later. It didn't appear to be important—it seems to be just a 'chit,' a reference for one Ahmed Mohammed. But I acted on the assumption that to Carmichael it *was* important. Since he gave me no instructions, I kept it carefully, believing that he would one day reclaim it. The other day I learned from Victoria Jones that he was dead. From other things that she told me, I have come to the conclusion that the right person to deliver this object to is you."

He got up and placed a dirty sheet of paper with writing on it on Dakin's desk. "Does this mean anything to you?"

Dakin drew a deep sigh. "Yes," he said. "It means more than you can possibly imagine." He got up. "I'm deeply obliged to you, Baker," he said. "Forgive my cutting this interview short, but there is a lot that I have to see to, without wasting a minute." He shook hands with Mrs. Pauncefoot Jones, saying: "I suppose you are joining your husband on his dig. I hope you have a good season."

"It's a good thing Pauncefoot Jones didn't come into Baghdad with me this morning," said Richard. "Dear old John Pauncefoot Jones doesn't notice much that goes on, but he'd probably notice the difference between his wife and his wife's sister."

Dakin looked with slight surprise at Mrs. Pauncefoot Jones. She said in a low, pleasant voice: "My sister, Elsie, is still in England. I dyed my hair black and came out with her passport. My sister's maiden name was Elsie Scheele. My name, Mr. Dakin, is Anna Scheele."

BAGHDAD was transformed. Police lined the streets—police drafted in from outside, the International Police. American and Russian Police stood side by side with impassive faces. Rumours were spreading the whole time. But at last the news went round that all was well. The President of the United States and the Russian Premier were here, in Baghdad. They were in the Regent's Palace. At last the historic conference had begun. . . .

In a small ante-room of the Palace, Victoria was talking to Dakin. She

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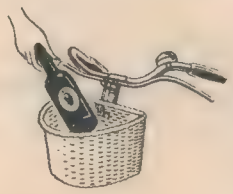

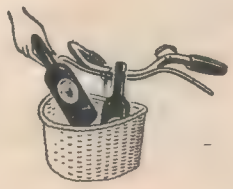

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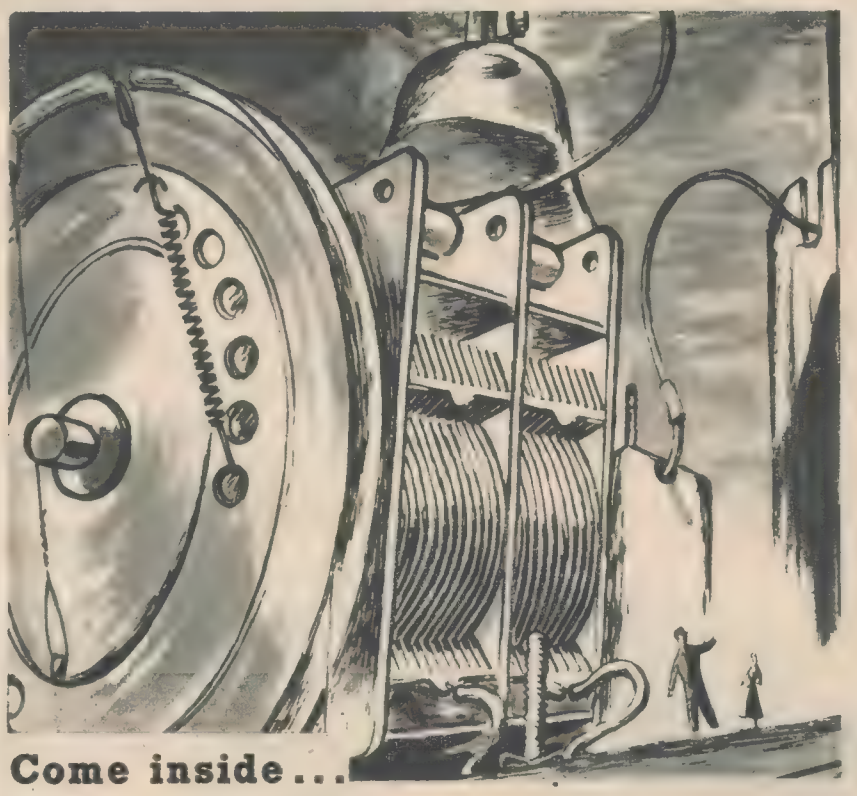

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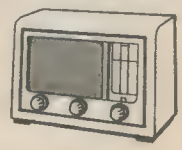

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WHAT YOU NEED...

- 1 PACKET GREENGAGE OR ORANGE JELLY
- 1 PINT VANILLA CUSTARD
- 6-8 WEETABIX
- RASPBERRY JAM
- ALMOND ESSENCE
- 1 TABLESPOON CASTOR SUGAR
- ½-¾ PINT MOCK CREAM
- GLACÉ CHERRIES & ANGELICA FOR DECORATION

MOCK CREAM.—Dissolve ½ oz. best powdered gelatine in 3 tablespoons hot water, add one teaspoon sugar and ½-teaspoon vanilla essence. Slightly warm a tin of evaporated milk, turn into a large bowl and stir the gelatine mixture into it. When cold, whip and store in a cold place. Before heaping on "Carnival Queen," whip well again.

WHAT YOU DO...

1. Make the jelly, *using a tablespoon more water than directed on the packet*, and leave to cool.
2. Prepare custard—not too thick—and similarly leave to cool.
3. Split the Weetabix, sandwich them generously with raspberry or other berry jam, and place on the bottom of a large shallow glass dish.
4. Work 2-3 drops almond essence into the sugar, and sprinkle over and between the Weetabix. Pour the cooling jelly on top.
5. Wait for a few minutes until jelly is firm enough for the custard, then pour custard on top and cover with the whipped synthetic or mock cream.
6. Decorate with glacé cherries and strips of angelica as shown in the illustration.

THIS RECIPE SERVES 8-10 PEOPLE

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WHEAT, MALT, DOUBLE SUGAR AND SALT—CRISPLY TOASTED

said: "What bothers me is that poor Danish woman who got killed by mistake in Damascus."

"Oh! She's all right," said Mr. Dakin, cheerfully. "As soon as your plane had taken off, we arrested the other phoney nun and took Grete Harden to hospital. She came round all right. They were going to keep her drugged for a bit until they were sure the Baghdad business went off all right. She was one of our people, of course."

"Was she?"

"Yes, when Anna Scheele disappeared we thought it might be as well to give the other side something to think about. So we booked a passage for Grete Harden and carefully didn't give her a background. They fell for it—jumped to the conclusion that Grete Harden must be Anna Scheele. We gave her a nice little set of faked papers to prove it."

"While the real Anna Scheele remained quietly in the nursing home till it was time for Mrs. Pauncefoot Jones to join her husband out here, I suppose," said Victoria.

"Yes. Simple, but effective. Acting on the assumption that in times of stress the only people you can really trust are your own family. She's a very clever young woman."

"I really thought I was for it," said Victoria. "Were your people really keeping tabs on me?"

"All the time. Your Edward wasn't really quite so clever as he thought himself, you know. Actually, we'd been investigating the activities of young Edward Goring for some time. When you told me your story, the night Carmichael was killed, I was frankly very worried about you. The best thing I could think of was to send you deliberately into the set-up as a spy. If your Edward knew that you were in touch with me, you'd be reasonably safe, because he'd learn through you what we were up to. You'd be too valuable to kill. And he could also pass on false information to us through you. But then you spotted the Rupert Crofton Lee impersonation, and Edward decided you'd better be kept out of

OH, JOHNNY! *by TIM*

it until you were needed (if you should be needed) for the impersonation of Anna Scheele. Yes, Victoria, you're very, very lucky to be sitting where you are now, eating all those pistachio nuts."

"I know I am."

Mr. Dakin said: "How much do you mind—about Edward?"

Victoria looked at him steadily. "Not at all. I was just a silly little fool. I let Edward pick me up and do his glamour act. I just had a thoroughly schoolgirl crush on him—fancying myself Juliet and all sorts of silly things. Next time I fall in love I'd like a real man—not merely one who says pretty things to me. I shan't mind if he's bald or wears spectacles or anything like that. I'd like him to be interesting—and know about interesting things."

"About thirty-five or fifty-five?" asked Mr. Dakin.

Victoria smiled. "Thirty-five, I think, would be right," she said.

"I *am* relieved. I thought for a moment you were proposing to me."

Victoria laughed. "And—I know I mustn't ask questions—but was there really a message knitted into Carmichael's scarf?"

"There was a name. The scarf and the 'chit' were the two halves of the clue. One gave us the name of Sheikh Hussein el Ziyara of Kerbela, a renowned and trusted man who respected, and was respected by, Carmichael. The other, when treated with iodine vapour, gave us the words to induce the Sheikh to part with his trust—microfilms that Carmichael had made."

"And the evidence will be presented at the conference?"

"Yes, Victoria," said Dakin gently, "the evidence will go in. The job's finished—a very good job."

"It's odd, isn't it," said Victoria, meditatively, "that Richard should have had one half of the secret and I should have had the other. It almost seems as though——"

"As though it were meant to be," finished Mr. Dakin, with a twinkle. "And what are you going to do next, may I ask?"

"I shall have to find a job," said Victoria. "I must start looking about."

"Don't look too hard," said Mr. Dakin. "I rather think a job is coming towards you." He ambled gently away to give place to Richard Baker.

"Look here, Victoria," said Richard. "Venetia Savile can't come out after all. Apparently she's got mumps. You were quite useful on the Dig. Would you like to come back? You'll only get your keep, I'm afraid. And probably your passage back to England—but we'll talk about that later. Mrs. Pauncefoot Jones is coming out next week. Well, what do you say?"

"Oh, do you really *want* me?" cried Victoria.

For some reason, Richard Baker became very pink in the face. "I think," he said, "we could find you—er—quite useful."

"I'd love it," said Victoria.

"In that case," said Richard, "you'd better collect your luggage and come along back to the Dig now. You don't want to hang about Baghdad, do you?"

"Not in the least," said Victoria. . . .

A few hours later, Dr. Pauncefoot Jones was peering at her. "So there you are, my dear Veronica," he said. "Richard went off in a great state about you. Well, well—I hope you'll both be very happy."

"What does he mean?" asked Victoria, bewildered, as Dr. Pauncefoot Jones pottered away.

"Nothing," said Richard. "You know what he's like. He's being just a little—er—premature."

THE END

"They Came To Baghdad" by Agatha Christie will be published in book form next week by Collins (price 8s. 6d.)

CHANGING THE FACES OF THE STARS

Continued from page 8

Ben Turpin and equally funny Snub Pollard. They argued as to who was to command make-up services first, and then they came to blows. The fight lasted about a minute and ended in a draw, leaving one of Ben's crossed eyes black, Snub's lip cut and bleeding, and my father and I viewing the shattered fragments of broken plate glass from our biggest showcase scattered widely over the floor. Turpin and Pollard both immediately disclaimed responsibility and each insisted the other would have to pay for the damage. They were both in error. My dad paid."

Not all the stars were so anxious for Factor's ministrations. Young Max remembers Tom Mix sitting in a make-up chair having his very first make-up applied. The cowboy hero spluttered and protested that the whole procedure was very unmanly.

"Mix, who had been a true enough cowboy and a gun-toting U.S. Frontier Marshal besides, had been lured from the open ranges of Oklahoma to become a picture actor," Factor says. "At first he flatly refused to wear make-up. When he viewed his first appearance on film and saw how pale and wan he looked on the screen, he had to admit he needed make-up. But even then Mix didn't like it and kept vowing loudly and surlily that he thought it was all a very unbecoming going-on."

Even Tom Mix eventually became converted to make-up. Now, male stars no longer balk at being beautified, and Max Factor cosmetics even have everyday use by men. There is one preparation useful to disguise black eyes. Others are extremely important in the world of plastic surgery, and Sir Archibald McIndoe has sent some of his "guinea pigs" to Max Factor's Bond Street salon to learn how to mask blemishes while they are having their faces rebuilt.

The Bond Street salon, which has seen some of the world's most beautiful women, has also been visited by young children suffering from such facial disfigurements as hare lips. These youngsters are taught to apply make-up as part of their washing routine so that the process becomes natural to them and they escape the taunts of thoughtless playmates.

False Tail For The Horse

Factor hairpieces (the word is preferred to wigs) are, of course, worn both for street and film appearances. One anonymous client is the educated horse belonging to a well-known cowboy star. The steed boasts only a meagre tail and his owner ordered a hand-crafted addition for public appearances.

Not all artificial hair adornment goes to the customer's head. The Factor organization has supplied items known as "chest toupees" for male he-men who are not amply supplied with hair on their chests, or for stars like Robert Mitchum, who has plenty of real hair, but required much more than the natural amount in one of his Western parts.

Factor's have often been faced with the problem of making-up as many as 2,000 extras at a time. They achieve this with the use of air brushes which spray make-up on to the actors' bodies and faces in the same way motor cars are cellulosed. One thing they never do is use real varnish or lacquer instead of cosmetics.

Smothered By Make-up

One assistant director did try to varnish an actor who was playing the part of an Ethiopian. The unfortunate subject was covered with black make-up, but the director demanded a glossy finish and ordered the actor to be varnished. "In less than twenty minutes the actor collapsed," Factor recalls. "The varnish had closed every pore in his body. His skin was unable to breathe and he was literally being smothered to death. The studio was in a panic. Eventually someone had the presence of mind to phone my father and he removed the varnish just in time."

Another problem the Factors have had to solve is devising a make-up that functions underwater. It is needed for swimming-pool and violent storm scenes. The formula, now used by aquatic stars like Esther Williams, was compounded three decades ago to meet the demands of Rex Ingram, who was producing *Mare Nostrum*.

"Ingram was worried," Factor says. "The picture couldn't go on without the make-up. My father and I practically never left the laboratory—we even napped there instead of going home to bed. Finally, after six days of experimenting, we hit on a make-up formula which would resist water."

The time and effort that went into developing underwater make-up is not so great compared with the three years of activity before a make-up for Technicolor was created. For this medium the Factors evolved a material in solid cake form that had the contradictory qualities of being transparent and at the same time being capable of concealing small blemishes. It went into immediate use in Walter Wanger's *Vogues of 1938* and Sam Goldwyn's *Follies*.

"At the time," Factor says, "the make-up was available only in limited quantities—enough to supply the picture trials. The actresses in these pictures, however, were so appreciative of its glamour-producing powers that they steadily wore it away from the studio. My father and I discovered this after we got reports about the huge quantities of make-up being used to finish these two pictures."

NEXT WEEK: How the make-up men created the Frankenstein monster

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THE NIGHT HAD EYES

Continued from page 12

the Beau circled the fire on the ground, while Gregory scanned the A.I. Finally, they turned away and set 305 deg. for base. "We got no further contacts," Gregory says. "But I was happy. I had filled my royal flush."

Night fighting was necessarily an obscure, solitary form of the air war. Its success depended on stealth and concealment; its friends were darkness and secrecy. These elements made it, of all the branches of the R.A.F., perhaps the most discouraging to serve in for technicians and ground crews. Yet no branch was more loyally or efficiently manned on the ground. A night fighter's victories, in nearly all cases, were swallowed up by the sea, or achieved by night far from base or over enemy country. Very seldom indeed did ground crews see the aircraft they serviced and kept in the air doing what such aircraft were built to do—destroying the enemy.

Fight Everybody Watched

A spectacular exception to this rule, unique, perhaps, in the whole history of night fighting, was a combat by a New Zealand pilot in Sicily. Flight Lieutenant John Turnbull, D.F.C. and Bar, was one of the most popular members of 600 Squadron; had he not been, he would have become so after a night in August, 1943.

The squadron was camped in a vineyard near the port of Syracuse, which it was detailed to defend. German and Italian bombers made frequent, if rather hasty, raids. After the unending "joy" of Malta, things were felt to be rather quiet.

On the night of August 10, however, things livened up. There were two fairly heavy raids on the port; the glare of the flares and the fireworks put up by the Navy from the harbour chased the shadows from the camp and brought everyone—air crew, ground crew and curious Sicilians—tumbling from their beds. Turnbull was one of those "scrambled" to meet the bombers; the camp heard his Beau roar up the strip and fade away towards the north.

The first raid lasted an hour, and, as the flak began to lessen and the flares to fizzle out, the shadows crept back and people returned to their tents.

Suddenly, from the east, came the double, ill-matched sound of two aircraft flying together. They were not high, perhaps 8,000 feet. The beats grew louder; soon each could be distinguished as it obscured a star or stained a wisp of cloud. They were flying fast, and towards the camp. The engines of one gave a tearing but resonant note; the other's seemed to purr. A Junkers and a Beaufighter!

They came nearer, diving; the sound echoed off the hills. They were nearly together. A cloud hid them for a moment. Then, in tandem, they emerged into the dim moonlight above the breathless camp. And as they rushed over, heading for the sea, small beads of light shot from the shape behind. They vanished. All heard a faint rattling, as if of giant dice—then the sparky jets shot out again and, simultaneously, a cup of fire was spilt into the sky. Then came the growl of the Beau disengaging, and the sight of the fire drifting downwards, falling faster and faster, trailing a glistening tail of phosphorus behind. It vanished behind the vineyard to the north. A second later a red glow rose and fell, and a cheer went up which Turnbull might almost have heard through the sound of his engines, 8,000 feet above.

Radar, "an extension of seeing," gave the seeking pilot sight; with the coming of A.I., the bomber could be met on equal terms. Will it be met on such terms in the future?

In the last war night fighters were modified versions of aircraft built for day operations. It was thought at that time that the night fighter of the future would be a highly specialized machine. The invention of the jet engine and the developments in electronic aids have made designers think again. Bombers flying at heights of over 40,000 feet are virtually operating under night conditions. The atmosphere at such altitudes is so intensely blue that daylight interceptions are dependent on radar guidance. That, and the high speeds attained by sub-stratosphere aircraft, will make radar an essential fitting on any aeroplane. The difference between the day and night fighter as understood today will tend to disappear.

At the moment, the standard night fighter of the R.A.F. is the Mark 38 Mosquito. It is a design with great operational experience but, with the coming of the jet engine—the De Havilland Vampire is already in service—the Mosquito may well be the last piston-engined night fighter to be standardized.

Target-seeking Rockets

It is possible that radar will enable guns to be fired automatically at the right moment. Even the guns themselves may give way to some rocket-propelled, airborne projectile of the target-seeking type.

Radar - controlled, target - seeking rockets and night fighters driven by jets at more than 600 miles an hour are a long way from the Blenheims and Beaufighters with their "magic box of tricks." We accept the extraordinary, forgetting that what made it possible was more extraordinary still. British scientists and British ingenuity gave birth to radar and to modern methods of night fighting. Nobody is better fitted to understand the adult than those who produced the child.

THE END

LIVING LANGUAGE

by George Beardmore

WHY do we say bachelor to describe an unmarried man? Answer—because once upon a time the task of looking after the cattle was left to the unmarried men of the family or tribe.

In Latin the cow-hand was called a *baccalaris*—hence our own word "bachelor," meaning an unmarried man.

What about his opposite number, the spinster? She was once literally a spinner. In Anglo-Saxon times no maiden was considered fit to become a wife until she had spun for herself a set of body, table and bed linen. Thus the task of spinning was generally delegated to the unmarried women of the house.

A Real Timekeeper FOR ONLY 30/- PLAIN DIAL

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IT'S ACCURATE
IT'S GUARANTEED

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The INGERSOLL ALL-BRITISH DUAL-PURPOSE ALARUM CLOCK

Handsome as a Day Clock, efficient as an Alarum. Ideal for small flats or combined rooms. 30-hr. lever movement. Alarum Stop mechanism at back. Height 5½". Width 6". Guaranteed.

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Post coupon to-day for full particulars.

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Please send me free copy of illustrated brochure.

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1lb Jar 1/3½D

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The Famous JAMES 'COMMODORE'

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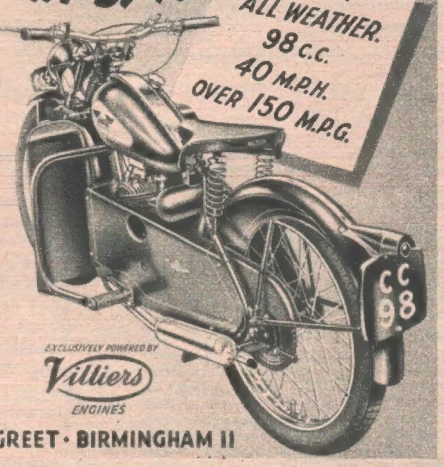

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★ *Write for full details and name of nearest Dealer.*

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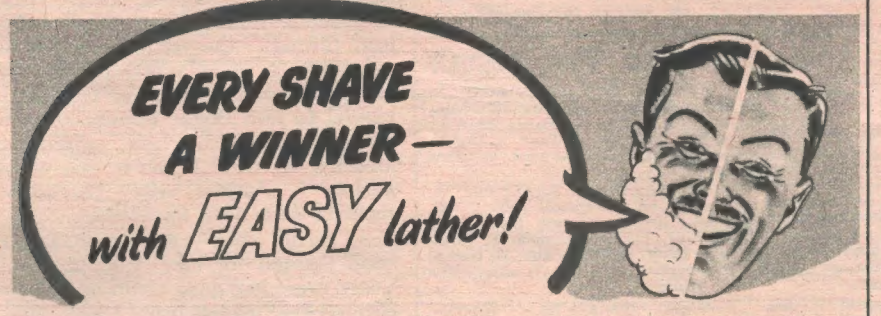


EVERY SHAVE A WINNER— with EASY lather!

NOW IN CARTONS

At the time this magazine went to press, the winners of the LEVER'S EASY SHAVING STICK COMPETITION were not known.

All winners have now been notified by post. Names and addresses of winners of the leading prizes, already published in certain papers, will be announced again in the 'Daily Herald' on March 5th.

LEVER'S EASY Shaving Stick

E 459*935

HOW YOU FEEL TOMORROW DEPENDS A LOT ON TODAY

IF you *specially* want to be at your best, take Beecham's Pills *last thing at night*. Next day you'll be clear-headed, bright-eyed. You'll be feeling *grand*.

In boxes, 1/8 & 4/-. Also in Twists 3 for 3½d.

now available SMOOTH COATED

TAKE Beecham's Pills TONIGHT

WORTH A GUINEA A BOX

A REAL SAVING ON SHOE REPAIRS

YOU can get repairs that really do cost less because they last longer. *But you must be sure you get Goodyear Stick-on-Soles and Heels!* They give more wear to family boots and shoes, and keep them smarter-looking far longer. And because Goodyear wear longer, your housekeeping money goes further. So start saving right away—*insist on Goodyear* always.

The family's shoes take a lot of punishment. But this mother isn't the least bit worried. She saves on repairs with Goodyear soles and heels.

There is a Goodyear Stick-on-Sole for every size of shoe. Ask for them next time you have the family's shoes repaired.

Ask your Repairer to fit

GOODYEAR SOLES AND HEELS

A.M. Do something about that stuffy nose! Sprinkle a few drops of KARSOTE Inhalant on your handkerchief *every* morning! Breathe deeply each time you use your handkerchief.

Breathe in KARSOTE comfort!

P.M. Put Karsote Inhalant on pillow or night-clothes (it *doesn't stain*). You breathe in comforting, antiseptic vapours as you sleep. Use Karsote as freely as you like.

The *NEW* Style KARSOTE INHALANT 1/4 and 2/- from Chemists

NOW HIS HOME CAN BE IDEAL

TWO years ago reader D. Saville, a thirty-year-old railway clerk of 11 Keppel Avenue, Haversham, Wolverton, had never written a *Bullet*. Now he's just won a £500 First Prize with the telling words he entered in our 1,764th Contest: BLESSED WITH PEACE—WHEN *HIS* "ARMY" STRONGEST.

Today, Mr. and Mrs. Saville are busy with plans for using that £500—furnishing their new home is just one way it will help this young married couple. Whatever *your* needs, wouldn't £500 and a radio fit into them? Let your reply be an entry on your coupon below.

SEASON'S LAST OFFER OF

20 RADIOS!

"BULLETS" 1st PRIZE

£500 CASH PLUS RADIO

£50, £25, £10, £9, £8, £7, £6, 2 of £5, 10 of £2.10s.

EACH PLUS

RADIO

A Sobell All-mains model with 2 years' free maintenance.

25 of £1, 2,000 "GOOD SHOTS"

FINE FOWL BONUSES

A fine roasting fowl accompanies each of the 25 prizes of £1 won with *Bullet* which was one of four or more on single coupon or plain-paper entry sheet.

RULES 1. First Prize for best *Bullet* received. Others in order of merit—the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.

3. As entry-fee, enclose P.O. or stamps as indicated on coupon. Fee submitted will be taken to cover *Bullets* in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries are allowed. If using P.O. make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate for *Bullets* and Crosswords for entry-fees not exceeding 2s. if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated.

4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that results of this week's Contests in *Bulletin* and *Gazette*, dated March 31, and in JOHN BULL, dated April 7, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Odhams' employees (and families) ineligible.

IDEAL KITCHEN

with next week's Bumper First and Grand New Offer in "Bulletin" dated March 24—apply below.

Add 2, 3 or 4 Words to any of these "EXAMPLES"

To make a *Bullet*, add simply TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* below. To use an incomplete *Example*, first complete it with any one word in place of dotted line—then make your *Bullet* as usual.

In Austerity Britain
At Our Best
The Arms Race
Spring's In The Air, So
Russian Goliath
Ready For The Festival
Terrible Price
From East To West
Spanner In The Works
A Mouthful
The Worst Of It Is
If She's Sensible
Highly Unpopular
Love At First Sight
Devastating
Auntie's Aspidistra
Bang! Bang! Bang!
Daren't Breathe
Uncanny
Trick Of The Trade

Incomplete "Examples" —see instructions

Forget The.....And
.....We Waste
.....Ambition
With Half A.....
Enormous.....
Took.....Down A Peg

NOTE.—You may enclose *Bullets* and Xword entries in same envelope covered by single P.O. for combined entry-fee. Mark envelope "Combined," top left-hand corner.

POST ENTRY

"Bullets" 1,773 (or Xword 725), "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

"'Bullets' Bulletin has been an invaluable help," said £500 winner D. Saville. That reservation coupon below can also bring *you* its practical guidance by post every Thursday

Continued from next column

—ALARMED—DAD'S BUNKERED OVERHEAD! £5: Mrs. D. Morgan, Swan House, Talley, Llandilo, Carms: NOTHING TO WRITE ABOUT—BUT EVERYDAY THINGS? EVERYTHING!

For ten winners of £2 10s. see *"Bullets" Bulletin*.

50 Prizes of 10s. and 2,000 new "Good Shot" Prizes have also been posted.

"Bullets" Winners 1,768

FIRST PRIZE, £500 plus Television-Radio: A. Morrison, 31 Neale Road, Chorlton-cum-Hardy, Manchester: FROM BRITAIN COMMUNISM CANNOT "TAKE HEART."

£50: D. H. Colclough, 49 Charminster Road, Bournemouth: MIGHT BE VOLCANO — BEHIND KOREAN "HILLS," EUROPE.

£25: G. W. E. Symonds, 7 Norton Close, Cambridge: HEIR TO DAD'S—KIT-BAG, OUR "LITTLE BUNDLE"?

OTHER AWARDS. £10: K. Woodger, 53 Woodland Drive, St. Albans: SENT TO SIBERIA — FOR PREACHING *HIS* "COMMUNISM." £9: F. Shorting, 34 Romany Road, Norwich: HEIR TO OUR—STILL UNBUILT HOUSE, UNBORN! £8: C. K. Munbray, 73 Elm Road, Slades Green, Erith: OUR FOREFATHERS—BENT BACKS—BACKS "UNBENDING." £7: C. H. J. Williams, 2 Corner Cotts., Chapel Lane, Bagshot: ON THE HOME FRONT—*Earn* THAT SEA-FRONT VISIT! £6: L. T. Law, 263 High Road, Willesden Green, N.W.10: MIGHT BE ANSWER—BOMB—BUT USE, QUESTIONABLE. £5: W. G. Hayes, 132 First Lane, Hessle, E. Yorks: THE MINERS

Continued in previous column

CASH AND FOOD PRIZES FOR XWORDS!

THIS WAY TO WIN

FIRST complete Square in INK, giving your Answers to Clues below. Then, if you wish to enter *one* extra Answer to any *one*, *two* or *three* Clues, give each such word in full in "Extra Answer" Form below Crossword Square.

Across Clues **XWORD 725**

1. Some people make do with piles of clothes if they haven't these
6. Man who remains imperturbable in presence of danger may be
8. The kind of watch one is naturally proud of
9. It's foolish for cricketers to dispute bitterly about them
11. Kiddies do not always think that a comic one is funny
13. Is likely to be required to pay
14. Is one factor in reducing tendency to crime
15. Often helps to keep flock together

Down Clues

2. A man may well feel this when he butts in on a gathering of strangers
3. Escaped prisoner has sometimes been recognized by
4. Many an artist's model poses before
5. Continued violence of, may possibly result in further complaints
7. Sportsman building on expensive one is often disappointed
10. Archaeologist excavating among ancient tombs requires
12. Britishers unaccustomed to hot, tropical sun may well do this under it at first

£100 FIRST PRIZE

AWARDS VALUE £25

amongst 1st Runners-up and up to

50 ROASTING FOWLS

—one with each Runner-up

Award value 10s. or over

UP TO

500 "SIGNPOST" PRIZES

one for each 2nd Runner-up

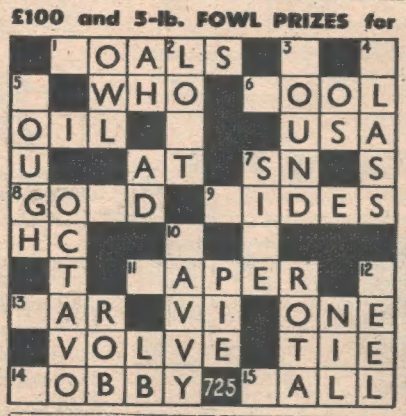
XWORD 720 RESULT

WINNING WORDS. ACROSS: 1, Haste. 6, Turn. 8, Homes. 12, Tanks. 13, Solo. 14, Cop. 15, Battle. DOWN: 2, Safe. 3, Pause. 4, Tony. 5, Lamps. 7, Book. 9, Cake. 10, Cost. 11, Pope or Tope.

THIRTEEN £100 SHARERS: W. Beecroft, A. S. Bullock, Miss S. M. Clark, Mrs. C. Davies, E. Day, J. Dowling, E. Higginbottom, F. Johnson, D. W. Johnston, Mrs. N. Martin, F. Seagrave, Mrs. A. Tomkins, Miss D. White.

Awards value £25 for 1st Runners-up shared by 82 entrants. Useful "Signposts" to 2nd Runners-up.

£100 and 5-lb. FOWL PRIZES for this XWORD



CLUE	EXTRA ANSWER	Total Fee
No.		6d.
No.		1s.
No.		2s.

(Total fee shown includes entry on Square)

Puzzle and Form strictly copyright **725** Closing Postmark Monday, Mar. 12

I enclose P.O. value..... No.....

Signed.....

Address.....

.....

In adjudication, all Extra Answers will be read in combination with each other and with all Answers in your Square. Thus your completed Square with one extra Answer to *one* Clue will represent *two* full Squares (Entry-fee 6d.). Square with one extra Answer to *two* Clues will represent *four* full Squares (Entry-fee 1s.) and Square with one extra Answer to *three* Clues will represent *eight* full Squares (Entry-fee 2s.). Use ink not pencil.

Single Square with 6d. P.O. or stamps covers dispatch to you of *Crossword Gazette* dated Mar. 24.

Winner—sender of most meritorious set of Answers received—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Entrants limited to one prize per Contest and to entry requiring not more than 4s. entry-fee. Signature indicates agreement to Rules.

EXAMPLE ..... 6d.

BULLET

EX. ..... 6d.

B.

EX. ..... 6d.

B.

EX ..... } EXTRA TWO FOR 6d.

B.

EX. .....

B.

Closing Postmark, **1,773** MON., MAR. 12

I agree to Rules and enclose P.O.

Value.....

No.....

Signed.....

Address.....

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APPLY on this COUPON for "BULLETS" and CROSSWORD GUIDE

With this coupon (which you can enclose with your entry) send P.O. 1s. for eight weeks' *Bulletin* and *Gazette* at REDUCED SERIES RATE. If requiring single copy only, affix 2½d. stamp below.

P.O. 1s. No.....

For Introductory copy of *Bulletin* and *Gazette* dated Mar. 24

STICK 2½d. STAMP HERE

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

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586

TWO MEN AND A DOG

Continued from page 15

cable saying that Morag and her son were safe, he said nothing about the dog.

We never expected to hear any more about Jess, especially as Bogie had rented the grazing on a big southland farm and now spent most of his time there. But, to our astonishment, about six months after Jess had been sold, a letter in an unfamiliar hand arrived for Jim. It was from Bogie.

Evidently he had been in a rare old temper when he wrote it. Jess, he said, was the most useless brute it had ever been his ill-luck to buy, and unless Jim cared to pay carriage and £1 forbye to have her back, he was to have her shot.

Again that rare flinty expression settled over my uncle's face.

"Ye'll go right down tae the post offish an' wire the man his money," he said.

The dog that returned was a pitiful, fear-ridden travesty of the Jess we had known. She refused to be separated from Jim Rattray for a moment. At night the only place she felt safe was to lie on Jim's old jacket, placed in a corner of the kitchen.

All her cleverness with the sheep had vanished. In a half-hearted way she watched the other dogs at work, but when, occasionally, Jim gave her an order, she would run a little way towards the sheep, then pause, shivering, and come cowering back to heel. I dared not look at my uncle.

SOON after this, I was shifted to another of Duguid's sheep farms, and it was over a year before I saw my uncle again. It was at the International Sheepdog Trials, just outside Edinburgh. I was walking through the crowds when a hand like a sledgehammer took me clean atween the shoulder blades. I turned to find Bogie, obviously with a good dram in him, squinting amiably at me. "You're not competing?" I asked, after the usual remarks had been exchanged.

"I'm no' that—canna find a dog good enough for me. Yon uncle o' yours must hae gone clean daft; he's entered that useless brute I near shot, Jess. Stubborn, thrawn devil that she was—but I lairned her wha was maister."

"So I heard," I said.

I brushed aside his arm, and hurried round to the enclosure reserved for competitors. My uncle was trying again for the International.

I was just in time. James Rattray's name had been called. By his side crouched Jess. But, except for the colour of her shining coat, there was nothing left of the scared creature who had come back to Aughinvore all those months ago. Now she was a living bundle of controlled canine energy.

Alone in the centre of the green ring, watched by competing shepherds from England and Wales as well as Scotland, Jim looked even more frail than usual.

Half a mile away an assistant released the first ten sheep.

Scarcely had the "Whee-whoo," or "Go left" signal been given than Jess was streaking down the golf course. As yet she couldn't even see the ten sheep which were bunched behind a clump of trees. About half way there, she paused a moment and looked back. Again came the order, clear and musical as a blackbird's note on a spring morning.

Like a released spring the slim

black-and-white bitch obeyed until at last she could see the sheep. Almost anticipating the whistles, Jess collected the ten sheep and brought them through a pair of hurdles to a point near where Jim stood. After completing this she was sent out on the right hand to collect another lot of ten which had been released.

The first lot had given Jess no trouble; she had kept them moving at the fastest pace possible without flustering them, but one sheep in the second lot gave more trouble than all the rest. The brute even went banging into the hurdles. Soon Jess was paying special attention to this "awkward squad" of one, and by almost shouldering it into position got it through the open hurdles.

NEXT followed the job of merging the two lots into one flock which had to be driven two hundred yards diagonally, passed through a gate, turned and driven crosswise for a further two hundred yards, passed through another gate, turned and brought back to the handler.

Almost any dog will bring sheep to its master; the real test is to train it to drive sheep away from the handler. Jess executed the manoeuvre superbly.

When Jess brought her sheep within a marked ring, fifty yards in diameter, almost in front of the judges' box, a hush fell on the crowd. I saw Jim was sweating slightly as he moved into the ring and began "shedding" five marked sheep from the rest. Often he got four clear, but he just couldn't get the fifth. And time was running out.

An old shepherd, standing alongside me on the rail, tugged my arm and said: "Tak' a good look at yon sheep's eyes." I did so, and from this close-up distance they looked a curious dull, glassy, opaque blue. "The beast's blind," he grunted, ejecting a stream of juice from his chewing tobacco on to the grass, "stone blind."

Despairingly, I asked the old shepherd, "Can't anything be done?"

"De'il a' thing! The sheep's been included in the test lot by accident. But yon's a great dog. Blind sheep or no', Rattray'll maybe win yet."

By now Jess seemed to realize that there was something different about this particular animal. Whenever it tried to veer, Jess, with the smooth speed of a stooping falcon, was at the ewe's head, keeping her straight.

As the pen gate slammed shut behind the fifth sheep such a roar of cheering rose that Jess, frightened, crept nearer Jim's feet. I caught a glimpse of Bogie's face as I tried to edge through the crowd of shepherds congratulating Jim and his champion. It wasn't pleasant—but it was defeated.

THE END

WRITE TO JOHN BULL ABOUT IT

IF you want up-to-the-minute information on holiday travel, JOHN BULL will supply it. This is an extension to the service on readers' personal problems provided by our team of experts. All inquiries (other than medical) should be addressed to the JOHN BULL Free Advice Service, 189 High Holborn, London, W.C.1. A stamped and addressed envelope should be enclosed for our reply.

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(Our selection). Strong and well-rooted. 6 for 3/6. Your own selection from: Forsythia, Weigelia, Lilac, Mock Orange, Tamarisk, Spiraea, Golden Rain, F. Currant, Rhododendron, 12 Green Privet or 25 Quickthorn, 1½ ft., 2/6. Bush Apples, Pears, Plums, Damsons, Ckg. or Dsrt., 3 for 4/6, 3-yr. 3 for 8/6. FREE 1st Class Sweet Peas, mixed 1/- worth with orders over 5/-.
C.W.O. Orders under £1 add 6d.
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JOHN BULL'S GARDENING GUIDE

MARCH can be one of the busiest months for gardeners. Given normal weather a start can be made both for flowers and vegetables. Gladioli, Sweet Peas, Lily of the Valley roots, etc., can be planted and some hardy annuals can be sown. Plan for a succession of bloom by careful staggering of seed sowing. March with its keen winds may play havoc with your fences, which may need renovation and repair.

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Red, Yellow, Pink or Salmon. Polyantha Roses, 2 for 2/6. Climbing Roses, 2/- each. 25 Double Carnations 2/-, Giant Chabaud, mixed cols. 12 Polyanthus 2/-. 12 Russell Lupins 2/-. 12 Dahlia Tubers 2/-. 12 Pansies 2/-. 12 Hollyhock 2/-. 12 Coreopsis 2/-. 24 Sweet Williams 2/-. 50 Wallflowers 2/-. Double Paeonies 1/3 each. 100 Glorious Anemones 1/6, Rainbow Mixture. 100 Ditto, guaranteed doubles only, 2/-.
6 FLOW. SHRUBS Ideal Selection 1/9
or your own choice of Philadelphus, Deutzia, Lilac, Flowering Currant, Spiraea, Weigelia, Forsythia, Rhododendron, 6 for 3/6.
25 DUTCH GLADIOLI 2/-
Red, Mauve, Pink, Orange, Yellow, White or mixed. BUSH APPLES, PEARS, PLUMS, CHERRIES, 3-yr-old, eating or cooking, 2 for 5/9. Blackcurrant Bushes, 2-3 yr., 6 for 4/-. Red Currant, 2-3 yr. 6 for 3/-. Strawberry Plants 9d. doz. Gooseberry Bushes, 1-2 yr. 6 for 1/-, 3 yr. 6 for 2/9. 12 GREEN PRIVET, 1½ ft., 2/6, also 2½ ft. 3/6 doz. Quickthorn, 1½ ft., 25 for 2/3. Hydrangeas, Pink, Blue or White, 1/- each. Azaleas, mixed colours, 2/- ea.
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10 corms each colour: 50 bulbs for 8/-.
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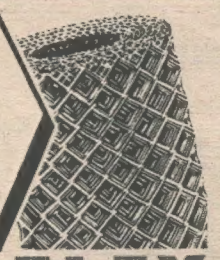

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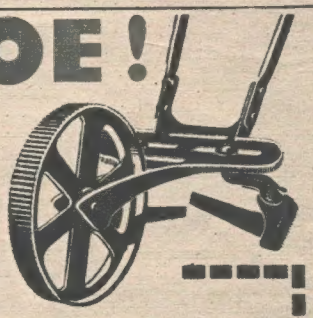

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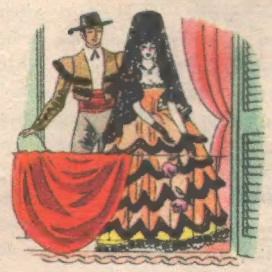

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